THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1100 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	389
IN PLACE OF FEAR. By Kingsley Martin	392
WHO PLANS? By Peter Shore	392
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	393
PERSONA GRATA? By Sagittarius	394
THIS ENGLAND	394
INDIA FACES THE FUTURE	394
TELEVISION PROSPECT—II. By H. F. Carruthers	395
UPPER NIGER. By Basil Davidson	396
OF BIGOTRY AND VIRTUE. By Aylmer Vallance	398
WE AND THEY. By Rose Marie Hodgson	400
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Poetic Dramas. By T. C. Worsley	401
Roger Fry. By Benedict Nicolson	401
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	402
The Movies. By William Whitebait	402
CORRESPONDENCE	403
From Maurice Dobb; Elsa H. Walters; H. W. Hecksall-Smith; J. B. Brown; Betty Ambatielos; E. W. Hildick; Thomas Russell; Michael Warwick; Kathleen Raine; Adeline Hartcup.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	406
THE EXILE. By George M. Brown	408
ADOPTED CHILD. By Elizabeth Jennings	408
REVIEWS:	Page
The Real Mixer. By Louis MacNeice	408
Medicine Without Ethics. By Richard M. Titmuss	408
Homage to Robert Ross. By K. John	410
The Sabbath Made for Man. By Guy Hunter	410
Historical Novels. By John Raymond	411
After Fifty Years. By Basil Davidson	412
Shall We Go By Water? By G. W. Stonier	413
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	413
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	415
CHESS. By Assiac	416

The End of the White House Lease

SEVEN years ago, the heavens fell upon Harry S. Truman and he was suddenly called to take the place of one of the greatest Americans. He has borne the burden better than at first seemed possible. But now he has decided to step aside and to permit his party, for the first time since Franklin Roosevelt won the nomination at Chicago in 1932, a free choice of candidate for the November elections. No doubt he will have some say in the selection of his successor. He is still the nominal leader of the party, and some of his influence remains. But though Mr. Truman can give his blessing to a particular contender for the nomination, he cannot dictate to the party convention. Since last Sunday, he is that unique American phenomenon, a "lame-duck" President, without real power in his party, in Congress or the country.

Thus, uncertainty and the inner-party strife which precedes an "open" convention have been added to the Democratic Party's troubles in a year when the tide seems to be setting strongly against it. Yet to many Democrats, these misfortunes will be preferable to those which would have been visited upon them if the President had decided to run again. There is no doubt that Mr. Truman could have forced his re-nomination if he had wished. But it would have been secured at a possibly disastrous price. First, he would have been faced with a much more serious revolt among the Southern Democrats than the Dixiecrat breakaway of 1948. Secondly, it is improbable that he could have repeated his long-odds victory of four years ago, even if Senator Taft had been his opponent. In 1948, the Republican Congress had alienated the farm States which gave Mr. Truman his margin over Governor Dewey, and the promise of the Fair Deal brought out the liberal vote. To-day, the farmers have swung back into the Republican column, the Fair Deal has disappeared from the agenda of Congress, McCarthyism has smeared the Administration in the eyes of one section of the electorate and the corruption scandals have discredited it with another.

These facts must have weighed as heavily with Mr. Truman—who is a good party man—as his personal desire to shed the load he has been carrying since 1945. Whatever his merits, his re-nomination would have split the party and seriously jeopardised the chances of thousands of Democratic candidates running on local tickets. For, it should be remembered, success on the city and State level is the bread and butter of the American party machine. The function of its presidential candidate is to sweep the lesser fry into office on his coat-tails.

It is this, and not some covert desire to have General Eisenhower succeed him, that has determined Mr. Truman's decision. He may indeed feel that the General is more likely than any other Republican to maintain the broad lines of the bi-partisan foreign policy. But Mr. Truman has been long enough in politics to know that the man in the White House is not a free agent. Eisenhower, personally, may be closer to Truman on foreign affairs than to Taft. But an Eisenhower landslide would mean a Republican Congress in which the diehards and the isolationists would be even stronger than they are on Capitol Hill to-day. And, in domestic matters, both Eisenhower and a Republican majority would be committed to conservative policies which would make the Fair Deal programme seem quasi-Socialist.

Mr. Truman, therefore, can have no illusions. He knows that in November the Democratic Party will be fighting for its life, and that it will need both unity and the most attractive candidate it can find. His refusal to run at least makes the search for these two objectives possible. So far, nothing has happened to upset the betting on Eisenhower's nomination and election. Yet he may not carry the Republican convention, and he may not win. So long as he remains silent, he remains strong. But, as a candidate, he must make both political deals and public commitments that, cleverly exploited by the Democrats, might diminish his attractions. He could easily infuriate liberal and labour sentiment, and his military background and political immaturity might well prove liabilities once he was thrown into the passionate debates of an American election. Opposed by a Democrat of liberal views, free from the taint of corruption, and opposed also

by a South once more united behind the official Democratic nominee, Eisenhower could be beaten.

This must now be Mr. Truman's main objective. As a lame-duck President, he cannot hope for any legislation of substance from a Congress dominated by thoughts of the election. But his administrative actions between now and November can make a great deal of difference to his Party's chances. Peace in Korea, for instance, might well tip the balance. It would take the sting out of the Republican attack on the Democrats' foreign policy, and perhaps hold out some hope of an eventual reduction in the burden of armaments. America, seven months from now, might be in a very different mood. In November, electors might not be so inclined to see a charismatic General as the rock of their salvation.

Next Moves in Germany

While the Western Powers await the Russian reply to their evasive and discouraging note of last week, it is not irrelevant to ask what Stalin's strategy is likely to be in the event that no Four-Power Conference takes place. Certainly, he will not remain inactive while the political formalities are completed for raising the 12 divisions which form the first part of the German contribution to the European Defence Community. It is true that those who feared that German rearmament would provoke an immediate movement by the Red Army into Western Europe underrated the reluctance of the Russians to accept the inevitability of world war. On the other hand, there are plenty of means open to them, other than war, for obstructing the American plan. Already it is clear that, however deeply Dr. Adenauer and his Catholic colleagues are committed to Western integration, German national feelings have been stirred by the Russian offer of an independent Germany attached to neither bloc. Once made, that offer is bound to be carried farther, with or without Western co-operation. Indeed, it is not unlikely that Stalin will now proceed to carry out unilaterally in Eastern Germany the proposal for German unity which he made to the Western Powers. He could, for instance, sign a peace treaty with the Communist government of the Eastern zone, declaring it to be the independent government of Germany. Then, as in the case of North Korea, he could withdraw all Russian occupation forces, and leave the Volkspolizei as the Reichswehr of his new German State.

It is not difficult to foresee the results of a policy of this kind. In the early stages, the politicians of Bonn might be able to make light of the "independence" which such a Russian-controlled central government would enjoy in its capital of Berlin. But if they were not to forfeit all nationalist support, they would at once have to demand for themselves from the Western Powers at least the same degree of national independence, including a national army. Soon we should be faced with two rival central governments—each bidding the other up—and two rival national armies spoiling for a fight. Before they finally turn down the proposal for a Four-Power Conference, the Western Powers should at least ask themselves whether they have realistically faced all the probable consequences of its rejection.

Tunisian Boomerang

The French Government's high-handed action in Tunisia will quite probably achieve a short-term success. By arresting the moderate Tunisian politicians, including the delegates chosen to plead their case at the United Nations, and by forcing the Bey to appoint a stooge as Prime Minister, they are obviously planning to break the nationalist movement while there is still time. With the ominous example of Persia before their eyes, they believe that strong-arm measures, taken in good time and in bold defiance of every democratic principle, offer the only possibility of retaining the privileged position for French interests in North Africa which were forfeited, owing to British action, during the war, in Syria and Lebanon. Moreover, they can console themselves with the thought that British policy (which up to 18 months ago was still toying with Arab independence, and assistance to the fellah in his struggle against a corrupt plutocracy) has now at last been brought into line with their own brand of "realism." Wherever Western economic and strategic interests in the Middle East conflict with the claims of national revolution, Britain and the U.S. are now prepared to connive at the suppression of revolution.

In Tunisia, French troops are acting on behalf of a small privileged class of French *colons*. In Egypt, it is a corrupt Royal dictatorship which has been set to work. Though the formal differences are considerable, the results for the peoples of Egypt and Tunis are much the same. King Farouk's army, which is now being used to restore law and order, is equipped and trained by Britain, and he is being encouraged to break up the only political party which Egypt possesses in preparation for an election which will be managed so as to give the Palace a huge majority. By the end of this year, from Morocco to Suez, the alliance of the Western Powers and the old indigenous plutocracy may well have crushed every popular movement; and thereby the network of land and air bases which are required by Atlantic strategy will have been secured.

From this kind of "realism," one result is certain. Even if good diplomatic team-work between Britain, France and America prevents the ventilation of these violations of the Charter in the United Nations, their social consequences cannot be long suppressed. Up till now, Communism has been singularly unsuccessful in permeating either the Middle East or the Moslem world as a whole. The new "realism" will create the Communist challenge it is supposed to meet, building the bases for the military containment of Communism at the risk of driving all the most patriotic and socially conscientious Moslems into the Russian camp.

Trieste Infelix

The renewed uproar over Trieste—riots in the city; turbulent demonstrations in Rome, with Fascists and Communists making common cause against Yugoslavia; counterblasts from Marshal Tito reaffirming Yugoslav claims—all this is a grim illustration of Allied political chickens coming home to roost. In 1948, hoping to tilt the electoral scales in De Gasperi's favour against the Italian Left, the Allies announced that they approved in principle of the restoration of Trieste to Italy. It was in "commemoration" of the fourth anniversary of this declaration, which the Allies have done nothing to fulfil, that the rioting started. And now the Western Powers are in the unhappy position of being warned by Marshal Tito that appeasement of Italy in the matter of Trieste will "cost them the sympathies of the Yugoslav people," while the *Messagero*, representing the line of even the pro-Government press of Rome, has stated bluntly that "the whole of Italy's position in relation to the world at large will depend on how the problem of Trieste is settled." In other words, unless the Western Powers live up to their March, 1948, pledges, Italy's attitude to N.A.T.O. may be revised.

In the London talks which have begun this week between representatives of the U.S., Britain and Italy—neither Yugoslavia nor the U.S.S.R. being represented—the intention apparently is to mollify Italian feelings by providing that Italy shall be accorded a greater share in the administration of the occupied Zone A, particularly in the control of the police. The sort of tripartite government of the city which is suggested seems likely to get the worst of both worlds: it would fail to satisfy the Italian nationalists, and it would certainly rob A.M.G. of much of its ability to maintain order. If, as must be presumed, there is now no chance for the "Danzig" solution originally proposed by the U.N., and if Italy and Yugoslavia cannot come to terms, there is probably nothing for it but the permanent severance of Zone A and the city from Yugoslav-held Zone B, poverty-stricken because its peasant economy depends so desperately on Trieste as a market. In that event, it would surely be more sensible to abandon the present system of dual administration in Zone A and to let Italy have sole responsibility for it. If General Eisenhower so desired—and the strategic value of Trieste is very limited—the Italian Government might be asked to accept the presence in Trieste of some Allied troops as a defence arrangement within the framework of the Atlantic Treaty.

Prelude to De-nationalisation

The important Parliamentary debate this week on the increased prices of iron and steel was partly obscured both by the lateness of the hour (it was very inadequately reported in most papers) and by a fruitless Party squabble, which distracted attention from the main issues, about whether the present Minister of Supply or his predecessor was originally responsible for the basic decision. Mr. Sandys's thesis that the new prices were inescapable in the face of increased production costs at home and the cost of American imports, is not wholly convincing, especially when it is remembered that strong disagreement on this point led to Mr. Hardie's resignation from the Iron and Steel Corporation. It may be true that later in the year some increase in price would have proved inevitable; but there is much to be said for Mr. Hardie's argument that the decision should have been postponed for a few months, until the Corporation's trading prospects for this year could have been more accurately assessed. Meanwhile, as

Mr. Strauss reminded the House, the consequences to manufacturing industry and Defence are grave. The new prices are likely to contribute further to the cost-inflation which Mr. Butler seems bent on inducing. Conservative policy has, in fact, for a long time hankered after higher steel prices, in the belief that effective control of distribution is impossible and that the demand must be damped down somehow. This argument is probably wrong on both counts: past experience suggests that stringent control, unpalatable though it is to industry, can be made effective; and, with the current load of orders on the engineering industry for Defence and capital goods, the increased prices are not likely to lead quickly to a significant damping of demand. Mr. Strauss was probably not far off the mark when he suggested that the overriding consideration in the Government's mind was to pave the way for the very hazardous operation of de-nationalising the industry; to enable, in fact, the publicly owned "iron and steel concerns to be able to present balance-sheets with profits fat enough to tempt private investors."

The Cotton Slump

Unemployment in Lancashire is already creating a social problem which the Government—to say nothing of M.P.s representing the cotton towns—cannot ignore. The question is how far the slump is a temporary recession caused by the price-inflation and over-buying which followed the outbreak of war in Korea, or a reflection of world-wide over-expansion of capacity. In Parliament, last week, the Chancellor was urged by Mr. Greenwood and others to ease the industry's immediate situation by abolishing Purchase Tax on cotton textiles for a limited period. Alternatively, it was argued, the "D" level for tax exemption should be raised. Retailers' stocks show some signs of declining; and tax relief, even if only temporary, would certainly help to decrease the present unemployment and (economically wasteful) short-time working in the Lancashire mills. It is arguable, too, that the import restrictions imposed by the Dominions will not be permanent, so that there is a case for immediate, *ad hoc* tax relief. The Chancellor's difficulty, however, is firstly that if cotton textiles were to be thus favoured, it would be difficult to resist similar claims from the manufacturers of rayon, footwear, and other consumers' goods. Secondly, if the revival of Japanese competition, coupled with the growth of Indian textile output, means that there may have to be a contraction permanently of Lancashire's capacity, the artificial stimulus afforded by tax relief would merely put off the evil day. Finally, since a switch of labour from the consumer trades to armaments is an essential part of the Government's programme, it may be difficult to persuade Mr. Butler to nullify, in the case of cotton textiles, the presumably intended result of his Bank Rate policy.

Wisconsin and Nebraska

Fighting for survival in the Wisconsin primary, Senator Taft has won where he had to win if he were to survive. He has most of the convention delegates, and headed the poll. But the combined Warren-Stassen votes—most of which must be counted for Eisenhower—exceed his total by four to three. In Nebraska, Taft has secured more write-in ballots than Eisenhower, but here again the support for Stassen and the General together surpasses that for the Senator. In both States, on the Democratic side, Senator Kefauver has won handsomely, and his victory over Senator Kerr in Nebraska probably eliminates the Oklahoma Senator from further consideration.

Mr. Taft has thus done something to offset his beating in Minnesota—whose overwhelming choice of Eisenhower may prove to be the decisive feature of the primary campaigns—and his sulky withdrawal from the New Jersey contest. But, considering that he has been working like a beaver for his votes while Eisenhower has done nothing, his successes so far are scarcely spectacular.

WESTMINSTER

The Duchy of Plaza-toro

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Parliamentary Labour Party is facing an increasingly uncomfortable dilemma, which must be resolved before there can be any effective opposition. The rank-and-file is beginning to discern the outlines of Tory policy, and it is fiercely critical of what it can see. The leadership, however (that is, in the main, the senior ex-Ministers), appears unable to form a collective view whether to oppose on all major issues of policy, to organise tactical obstruction of the Government's programme or even to take the tolerant line of facilitating Government business and, at not too frequent intervals, organising a ritual vote to save face. There are, no doubt, fairly substantial arguments for and against all these courses; and the personal view of individual ex-Ministers is dictated by temperament and the degree of consciousness of past guilt.

It would all be an interesting subject for academic discussion—and valuable, but for the fact that the great majority of back-benchers have already made up their minds that Opposition must from now on be ruthless and unremitting. Let the clash be on major policy where the Front Bench can be persuaded, as on the Health Service Bill, to stand and fight: otherwise let it be tactical, organised mainly from the back benches, as in the debates this week on the Army Act. The dangers of the present incompatibility of mood between the leaders and the led are obvious. The leadership is reluctant to risk the public criticism it might incur by an official endorsement of obstructive tactics. Hence the situation, which occurred in the Army Act debate, where divisions appear to have been banned under the machinery of the new Standing Orders, and a Commando of active Members talked for many hours on a long series of amendments—some of real merit—without the stimulus of voting. This comes pretty near an abuse of Parliamentary procedure and is in any case highly demoralising to an Opposition in which the sap is beginning to rise. The alternative is not much better. The Party meeting, presumably in response to back bench pressure, decides to go all-out against a Government measure. A three-line Whip is issued; the Labour benches are elated by the smell of blood. But the battle ends in relative failure or even complete fiasco, the Front Bench spokesman failing to give an inspiring lead, either from an underlying sympathy with his successor in office (Seretse Khama is perhaps a case in point), or because he realises he is partly committed to decisions which have been in the departmental incubator since his own days of office. The most important example of this was Mr. Morrison's *gaffe* over the Manchurian airfields. But even Mr. Strauss got badly knocked about in this week's debate on steel prices by the Minister of Supply, who purported to reveal—and, no doubt, misinterpreted—embarrassing decisions taken by the Labour Government.

The frustration of Labour Members is intensified by the fact that their own Front Bench has shown itself to be markedly superior to the Government in sheer debating skill. The Government—there are, of course, notable exceptions—is almost embarrassingly inept at handling the House. But the Opposition can make little of its advantage while the fear exists that its leaders will, at the critical moment, either retire to previously prepared positions, or fall to a "sucker's punch." It is worth trying to convey this uncomfortable atmosphere even at some length, because it may have considerable effect on the immediate future of the Labour Party. Disagreements within the Party are now far more of mood than of policy; far more between the leadership and the rank and file than between the Bevanites and the rest. The immediate objective, and the prelude to a new policy, is an effective Opposition. All the conditions are there; and it ought to exist. At present, most shades of opinion agree that it does not. Unless the leaders can catch up their followers by the end of the summer, an exasperated Party will, for all its traditional loyalty, think seriously about demoting some of them in form to the less exalted position which they appear to prefer in fact.

WASHINGTON

A Steel Strike?

A Correspondent writes: Unless a settlement is reached in the private talks between the six main steel companies and the United Steelworkers, Philip Murray's men will strike next Tuesday. Despite increased productivity in steel, wages have lagged behind other industries since controls were imposed just over a year ago, and the union has been seeking a rise in the hourly rate. When it failed to reach an agreement with management last January, the case went to the Wage Stabilisation Board, and a few days ago the Board recommended an increase of 17½ cents in the basic rate, phased over the next year, and a further 5 cents in "fringe" benefits. The union accepted this. But the steel companies insisted that they could not carry the load without raising steel prices by $12 per ton. Then the Office of Price Stabilisation stepped into the picture. Its formula permits companies to raise prices if profits are below 85 per cent. of the average for 1946-9. But the steel companies last year made profits, before taxes, more than 100 per cent. higher than the base years; they could, therefore, in the view of O.P.S., absorb the wage increase without any change in prices.

Then, dramatically, came the resignation of Charles Wilson, the president of General Electric, who has been serving as Director of Defence Mobilisation. The Wage Board's proposal, he charged, would wreck his effort to stabilise the U.S. economy: he accepted the companies' view that price rises would be necessary to cover increased wage costs, and insisted that an advance to the steelworkers would inevitably spark demands by other unions, with obvious inflationary consequences. The question now facing the Administration is whether the effect of the wage increase—even if the steel companies are allowed some parallel price rise—will be more damaging to the economy than a crippling steel strike.

In Place of Fear

MR. BEVAN is no radio or television star, and until the last two months when newspapers, anxious to split the Labour Party, have found his speeches good copy he has seldom been fairly or fully reported. Yet, if a recent Gallup poll is to be trusted, his popularity within the Labour movement is rapidly increasing and, if one wanted confirmation, there is the really surprising fact that when he went to speak in Edinburgh last week nearly 6,000 people paid to hear him. No other British politician, with the doubtful exception of Mr. Churchill, could anywhere receive such a welcome. The simple truth is that a political leader is naturally popular if he turns great oratorical gifts to the task of exposing those who behave as if war were inevitable and our economic difficulties could be met by cutting the social services. The public shows its temper by rallying to support a leader who holds that something positive can be done to rebuild our civilisation, and disapproves of waiting until Washington or Moscow finds the time ripe for dropping atomic bombs.

The key to Mr. Bevan's philosophy is to be found in the title of his book which is published this week.* It is rather a volume of essays than a continuous and sustained argument; yet it has a central theme. Like Franklin Roosevelt, who declared that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself," Nye Bevan holds that what we have to fear is not so much Communism (which, as a libertarian, he detests) but the fear of Communism. Some Right-wing leaders of the Labour Party live haunted lives; their utterances are inspired by nothing except a terrifying vision of Soviet hordes pouring over Europe like molten lava over a fertile plain. On that assumption they are prepared for Britain to be an American satellite; if necessary, they will jettison the Welfare State, the creation of which is the only justification for their political existence; they accept as necessary evils world inflation and the diversion to the purposes of war of the raw materials which could be used for building the good life.

Let us be frank about this. Neither Mr. Bevan nor anyone else can prove that these slaves of fear are wrong in anticipating Soviet military aggression in Europe. But Mr. Bevan and those who think with him believe that the assumption is unnecessary, probably false, and that to base policy upon it is the very way to bring about the disaster which we all in common seek to avoid.

First let us recall that for six years after the end of the war Europe lay helpless in front of Soviet armies, and yet Russia did not invade. Until recently the largest army between the Oder and the Channel ports has been the Swiss. Nor does it fit into Communist theory that Soviet armies would invade neighbouring countries except in anarchic conditions when Communist forces can be aided without risk to the Soviet Union. So far from wanting war, Russia, which in the last war lost far more in men and property than any other country, has shown every sign of a determination to avoid being involved in conflict with the U.S. As Bevan puts it: "Would 35 million tons of steel launch itself against 200 million tons?" If Russia were thinking in terms of military aggression it would not be the size of European arms that would deter her, but the fact that aggression would involve America. Further, Russia hopes that world Communism will be victorious as a result of the Western world's fear of it. To-day Western capitalism is rattling itself to pieces and producing all over the world, especially in Asia, the conditions of Communism, without any active help from the Kremlin. Every now and then our rulers betray the fact that they secretly agree with Mr. Bevan that we have to fear, not the military advance of Communism, but economic disaster from our military preparations against it. If the British Cabinet really thought Russia was about to attack, would they now be letting our stocks of raw materials run down in order to fortify the pound?

Mr. Bevan rightly protests against a silly habit of labelling thoughtful people anti-American if they disapprove of some phase of Washington's foreign policy, just as they are anti-Soviet if they criticise Russian labour camps or, as I have discovered recently to my amusement, anti-French if they have always held the now increasingly accepted view that the Vietnamese war is foolish as well as wicked. It is in fact the very essence of Mr. Bevan's view, outlined in this book, that we must not waste our time or our resources in any negative policy. In the world of to-day we cannot "disarm," but neither need we fall into the trap of accepting some crippling and, as Bevan prophesied, unattainable figure for arms invented to please the Pentagon on the ludicrous theory that on some rather uncertain date Western armaments will reach a point when Washington can first impose its will on the Soviet Union and then (if the Kremlin is adequately yielding) suddenly return to a peace economy! Was there ever such preposterous nonsense? Mr. Bevan attempts a constructive alternative based on the analogy of the once apparently insoluble problem of India. Let us, he suggests, name a date by which a certain proportion of world disarmament might be achieved, and inform Moscow that we are ready to work out the conditions for a limited but positive reduction by this date.

It is sometimes ignorantly suggested that Mr. Bevan is some kind of dangerous totalitarian. The opposite is the truth. He has, if anything, an excessive belief in Parliament, the Constitution, and the power of argument. As for Parliament, no one who has followed his career will dispute that like Mr. Churchill, he has deliberately learnt all there is to know of parliamentary procedure, the various types of effective intervention from the elaborate set speech to the cheerful jest that turns away anger, and the blistering comment which is intended to provoke it. It is true that Nye Bevan's reputation was largely built on his audacity during the war in daring to criticise the Prime Minister without courtesy or modesty; but it is also true that he has never in thirty-five years of rebellious activity advocated anti-Parliamentary or unconstitutional behaviour. He sincerely believes in Parliamentary democracy. It is not to him a mere instrument by which the superior educated people obtain the more or less willing consent of the masses who can't be expected in any case to understand what it is all about. He hates this Fabian superiority, just as some of his colleagues mistrust his heady rhetoric.

In the opening essay of his new book he speaks of three forces in society—property, poverty and democracy. A strange trio? Not as he understands them. For property is the retentive force striving to maintain itself. Poverty is the potential revolutionary force and democracy is the weapon that it may use for revolution. Mr. Bevan sees Parliament as a possible instrument of revolution. He belongs to that wing of Labour which refuses to be satisfied with the Labour Party as merely an alternative government to Conservatism. He believes that revolution goes on all the time whatever party is in power, and that if Parliamentary democracy is alive, it becomes in itself, through its influence on the minds of the masses, an instrument of revolutionary change. Those frightened people who wish to paint Mr. Bevan as some malignant dynamiter sowing discord and plotting revolution would be wisest to consider again Mr. Bevan's career and even perhaps to read his book. They may feel, as I do, uncertain of his judgment and still unconvinced of his statesmanship, but they will not doubt that he is a sincere democrat.

As I note the growing power of fear as the mother of policy, I see that Mr. Bevan must be hated by the Communists even more than by his Labour colleagues. For he is a parliamentary revolutionary—an anti-Leninist position which, he argues, can be justified by a modern Marxist. Let us have no doubt about one thing: if Labour cannot use Nye Bevan's services, the mass leaders who succeed him will not share his love for Parliament nor his anxiety to maintain the continuity of our institutions.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

* *In Place of Fear* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

Who Plans?

ACCORDING to the 1947 *Economic Survey*, "Events can be directed in the way it is desired . . . only if the Government, both sides of industry and the people accept the objectives (of the Government's plan) and then work together.

The growth of "voluntarism" since 1945 shows that the authors of the *Survey* had few doubts that the Government, both sides of industry and the people could agree on objectives. This is an odd belief for a Labour Government, and it is important to understand its origin. Part of the explanation lies in the behaviour of industry itself. From the early days of Labour's rule when Sir Clive Baillieu, then President of the Federation of British Industries, pledged that "industry will not be obstructive, it will not adopt Go Slow Tactics," organised industry has set out to show both that it is willing to co-operate and that co-operation pays.

Thus, during the crisis of 1947, industry volunteered its own anti-inflation programme. Capital cuts in plant and machinery and reductions in advertising expenditure were carried out, not by Government decree, but through a self-denying ordinance sponsored by the F.B.I. The next year the F.B.I. once again assisted the Government by under-writing dividend restraint.

Such co-operation may well have convinced the Government—as it was meant to do—that

controls were not really necessary, that they could be replaced by consultation and voluntary planning. But this conviction indicated a basic defect in the Government's philosophy; the belief that State controls are the instruments of totalitarian planning, "voluntarism" of democratic planning. This emerges from another passage in the 1947 *Survey*. "The task of directing by democratic methods an economic system as large and complex as ours is far beyond the power of any Governmental machine, working by itself, no matter how efficient it may be."

This is a significant admission; for if the Government cannot direct the economy without sacrificing democratic methods—a sacrifice which it clearly has no intention of making—then organised industry will have to direct the economy instead; and, given the *Economic Survey's* assumption of shared objectives, there is no earthly reason why industry should not. The Government's requirements of industry can thus be reduced to organisation—the creation in each industry of a representative body with which the Government can deal and to which it can entrust the administration of essential controls. This solution to the problems of planning is practically identical with that offered by the F.B.I. in its 1946 pamphlet *Trade Organisation—Relationship with Government*. "Satisfactory co-operation with the Government will be impossible unless industry is adequately organised through trade associations . . . to enable associations to be effective . . . it is essential that they should be the bodies to be taken into consultation by the Government."

Where trade associations or monopolies have existed, the Labour Government has shown no more reluctance to employ them as instruments of planning than did its predecessor, the war-time Coalition. The allocation systems for nickel, nylon yarn, tobacco and newsprint, operated by trade associations under voluntary agreements secured within the trades, were part of the "voluntarist" inheritance of the Labour Government. But this excuse cannot be extended to the tungsten control, created by the Ministry of Materials in July, 1951. This control is administered on behalf of the Ministry by three of the leading firms of merchant importers. Even more to be condemned is the official encouragement which has been given to trade associations. An example of this appears in the 1946 report of the British Jewellers' Association: "Sir Stafford Cripps has met representatives of London, Sheffield and Birmingham, to make it clear that we *must* either expand our association to include Sheffield and the other London units or . . . we must use every effort to federate into one policy-forming body with whom the Board of Trade can talk business."

It is hardly surprising that the policy of the Labour Government towards trade associations should have led to a significant increase in their number, power and status. Nor is it surprising that the same policy should lead to a significant increase in the power and prestige of industry's peak association, the F.B.I. Already represented on the Production Advisory Council when Labour took power, F.B.I. men now sit on the Economic Planning Board, the Consultative Committee for Industry, the Dollar Exports Board and the Anglo-American Council on Productivity. Frequent and regular contact with senior Government officials and Cabinet Ministers enables the F.B.I. not just to state industry's case but to influence and mould policy itself. Industrial firms and trade associations have been quick to recognise the Federation's key importance. Between December, 1946, and December, 1950, membership has risen from 4,600 to over 6,500; the number of trade associations has increased from 243 to 278. When the National Farmers' Union joined in 1950—an important event in itself—the Federation could claim that its membership included every important trade association and representatives of every significant industry in the U.K.

The emergence of the F.B.I. as the peak organisation of British industry is significant in itself, but the significance takes on an ominous quality if Labour's theory of "shared objectives" is demonstrably false. Despite some evidence of early collaboration, it has become increasingly clear that the area of agreement would shrink as Labour moved forward from the Welfare State. Neither Fair Shares nor dividend restraint can be squared with the views of General Spears, chairman of the Institute of Directors, that "In any decision made at board meetings, the directors' first consideration must be: will the company and the shareholders benefit?" Full employment depends upon the maintainance by private industry of an adequate investment programme, but if investors fear overproduction, what then? The opinion of Viscount Bruce on the key question of steel expansion may be taken as expressive of top business thinking. According to the Viscount,

> . . . if the armaments race was to increase in speed, the additional steel production would prove a blessing; if however re-arming should slow down, there might be, as the E.C.E. has foreseen, a surplus, non-exportable production of some 8 million tons in Europe in 1953. That again could be the cause of disaster . . . (there was) need for some commonsense in the matter . . . overproduction of some manufactures could be harmful. Among these . . . iron and steel.

Other Labour policies which industry has opposed include taxation, redistribution of income and price controls. Apart from verbal protests directed at taxation, industry has increasingly resorted to the export of capital and other devices aimed at reducing the amount of taxable income. As far as price control is concerned industry has persistently sought a share in the determination of price ceilings. The Board of Trade, at the urging of business, has frequently accepted trade association statistics relating to costs and profit margins, and has seldom gone against trade views in such matters.

These examples should suffice to show that the theory of "shared objectives" is unrealistic, and that it would become increasingly so if Labour, returned to power, advanced towards Socialism. But since the need for controls would remain, Labour would have to ensure that the State recruits a new kind of industrial civil service to supervise the private sector. To continue the policy of the last six years, which is essentially one of self-government in industry, must lead both to the acceleration of monopoly trends and to the development of a power concentration which the Government may soon be unable to control. The basic issue, to quote the F.B.I., is whether there should be "an extension of existing voluntary organisation within industry or on the other hand an extension of the controlling and supervisory functions of government."

This is a power question which can partly be answered by substituting genuine State control for "voluntarism." But the main answer must surely be a decisive expansion of the public sector. It may be unfashionable just now in the Labour Party to suggest further nationalisation and, indeed, present forms may not be the answer; but Socialists should not forget that so far nationalisation has proved the only way to make private power responsible to public authority. The solution would seem to lie not in rejecting the substance but in improving the form.

PETER SHORE

London Diary

WE all believe Lord Ismay when he puts his hand on his heart and swears that he never had discussion of any kind with the Malan Government about the Seretse affair. No discussion was required, any more than it was when Mr. Gordon-Walker also agreed with Sir Evelyn Baring (High Commissioner in Bechuanaland as well as in South Africa) about the catastrophic results in the Union of allowing the Bamangwato to be ruled over by a chief with a White wife. No Minister can blurt this out in public, but the official view is that if Seretse and Ruth were to return to take charge of the tribe, many Whites in South Africa, who are now in opposition to Malan, would rally to his support, and that the further result might even be a South African invasion of Bechuanaland. Since the British could do nothing to defend Bechuanaland (apart from appealing to the United Nations) this is a tough nut for any Government to tackle. It is the sort of line that could only be taken on principle by Ministers who believed that in the long run it was more important to stick to our policy of extending the Africans' right of choice than to retain South Africa in the Commonwealth with a promise of two armoured divisions to fight in the Middle East.

* * *

It was not surprising that politicians should prefer expediency to principle in such a difficult dilemma, but that experienced and able men like Lords Ismay and Salisbury should be so unworldly as to imagine that Seretse would accept a civil service post in Jamaica at £800 (rising to £1,000 as they were careful to inform us), is to me astounding. They seem to have thought the salary important; I doubt if it played any significant part in Seretse's decision. They say that it would be better for him to do a job in Jamaica than to idle away his time in exile. They are quite right, but when did such considerations ever weigh in the mind of an exile suffering from a sense of gross injustice because he has been prevented from returning to his own country? The question, as one irreverent journalist put it, was whether he would accept the Governorship of the Bahamas if it were offered to him! How could Seretse, now apparently acclaimed as legitimate chief by an overwhelming majority of his people, be expected to settle down to clerical duties in another hemisphere? Lords Ismay and Salisbury are both very humane and experienced men, and to them it seems that the Government has shown every consideration to what is after all only a tiny tribe and a petty chieftain. In comparison with past imperialists, they have indeed been considerate. They merely have not discovered how much the world has changed, and how strongly the current of African nationalism is now flowing.

* * *

By the death of Sir Andrew Duncan, the steel masters have lost their ablest—and by no means most bigoted—champion. Yet Sir Andrew, almost synonymous with steel to the average newspaper reader, made his first acquaintance with the industry as late at 1934, when he became chairman of the newly created British Iron and Steel Federation. Before that he had been Secretary and later Vice-President of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, Coal Controller and Chairman of the Central Electricity Board. A lawyer by profession, he was in fact the perfect bureaucrat, capable of running any large concern as a professional organiser. Shipping, coal, electricity and steel . . . it might just as well have been farming, cotton and the motor car industry, for all he knew of the technicalities of his various empires

when he was first appointed to them. The criticism that the Labour Government's Iron and Steel Corporation was headed by a man who did not know the inner workings of the industry, was completely stultified by the unchallenged position at the head of the Federation of a chairman who fifteen years earlier had known even less. By the time the nationalisation of steel became an immediate political issue, Duncan was too far committed to the steel masters to break away. Yet I suspect he looked at the new Corporation with a secret envy. After all, it was just the sort of organisation he might have created himself, and he would certainly have run it with exemplary efficiency. There was a significant difference between his conscientious, but half-regretful, opposition to the scheme and the implacable hostility of his fellow bureaucrat, Sir Ellis Hunter. Duncan was the most striking product yet of the managerial revolution, and his work in industry as the prophet of amalgamation will be remembered long after the discreditable politics of his last three years has been forgotten.

* * *

It is always something of a shock to find a new Act of Parliament doing something that should have been done centuries ago, and you could say this of the Pet Animals Act, 1951, which came into force on Tuesday. It requires anyone keeping a pet shop to be licensed by the local authority. His premises are then open to inspection, and the licence will lay down conditions about cleanliness, ventilation, feeding, diseases, and fire-prevention. Anyone who has seen day-old chicks being sold in tiny cardboard boxes to children in East End streets for twopence each (they do not survive till evening) will be glad that the wandering pet-salesman is ineligible for a licence. It is also certainly a good thing that children under twelve can no longer buy their own pets. The stentorian bird-fanciers and dog-dealers of "Club Row," and similar street markets, will be outlawed unless they happen to sell at "a stall or barrow" (which many of them don't). But here a friend points out to me what seems to be an oversight in the Act. Under its terms street sellers can continue their trade unless they "*carry on a business* of selling animals as pets in the street." So the regular street pet seller gets pushed out and the casual one does not. It will be interesting to see how much difference in practice this makes. "Club Row" is notoriously the first place to look if your dog is "lost, stolen or strayed". I suspect it will remain so!

* * *

The hornbill from Papua has a bird's-eye view of the Madonna in London's newest Museum—the Abbey Art Centre in New Barnet. And if, like Galatea, she stepped from her pedestal, she would find herself in unexpected company among those who are her rivals in other civilisations. In this Museum, arranged round an old tithe barn which was once converted into a Church of Antioch, Buddhist and Christian, Hindu and Confucian, Muslim and Animist are all represented in a collection of artistic treasures, begun many years ago by William Ohly. Philip James described Mr. Ohly's Berkeley Galleries—his first venture—as a place where there is "serenity and no swank." The same can be said of the Abbey Museum and the Art Centre attached to it. The idea occurred to Mr. Ohly, he tells me, forty years ago when he, as a young artist, decided that if at any time in his life he were able to do so he would found a community on a non-profit basis where artists could obtain studios at a reasonable cost. He has not only achieved this desire, as an Exhibition of paintings by resident artists proves; he has made an unusual Museum as well which you may visit on any Saturday afternoon by taking the Piccadilly line train to its terminus in Cockfosters and then strolling through the suburb of New Barnet to No. 89 Park Road.

* * *

This week-end, my secret line of communication from Great Turnstile to the House of Commons has been severed. For the last time the tram has soberly issued from Theobald's Road; plunged suddenly and dizzily down into the Southampton Row and—after stops at its own private Holborn and Aldwych stations—careered with that gorgeous uninhibited clangour down the dark curving colonnades. For the last time—after that moment of anxiety whether we shall ever emerge—I have seen the point of light expand into that fascinating vaulted view of Waterloo Bridge and then gulped in the fresh air, as we swung along the Embankment towards Big Ben. The tram has aptly combined utility and pleasure. Discriminating uncles have long appreciated that a journey on it—perched on the curved front seat of the top deck—is a better entertainment for adventurous nephews than most theatres; and for a generation Bloomsbury and Westminster have been very practically and cheaply connected by this subterranean link. Now, as if to mark the end of the epoch of gas and water Socialism, the underground tram runs no more. The colonnades are closed, and when I want to pop down to the House of Commons I must take a nationalised bus which takes five minutes longer and costs a penny more.

CRITIC

PERSONA GRATA?

Experienced diplomats are needed and cannot be discarded just because they were Nazis.—*Foreign Minister, Bonn, March* 25.

Now diplomatic missions
Are being briefed at Bonn,
The Third Reich's high traditions
Will still be carried on;
The Minister regarding
The new Republic's plight,
Redeems it by discarding
The anti-Hitlerite.

While Embassies of Western Powers to Bonn are sympathetic,
Admitting their objections may be largely theoretic,
They ask, if the Republic is completely democratic,
Why is its Foreign Office staffed by Hitler's Diplomatic?

Ex-Nazis now regaining
Appointments at the top,
Owe all to careful training
By Herr von Ribbentrop.
The diplomats selected
For services discreet
Must all have been connected
With Hitler's high élite.

But Embassies of Western Powers in minutes confidential
Inquire why Storm Troop diplomats are still declared essential.
Though envoys are received of great political variety,
Should gangsters be accredited to Embassy society?

But while Bonn still possesses
A well-trained Nazi clique,
With records of successes
And masterly technique,
It has to be admitted
She must on these rely,
For they alone are fitted—
No others need apply.

But while Embassy society no longer is exclusive,
These Third Reich elements from Bonn may still be felt intrusive;
And though Ambassadors are drawn from several social strata,
They ask if Hitler's underworld is quite *persona grata*?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Private McNally would have beaten 2nd Lieut. Hoppe for the Army cruiser-weight championship had he not so obviously suffered from an understandable psychological reluctance to hit an officer. —Letter in *Sunday Graphic*. (P. A. Hall.)

Some people in my district say that if we do not arrange an outing they will discontinue being Conservatives.—From speech reported in *Lynn News and Advertiser*. (R. F. Durrington.)

In these hard times (the meat ration is evidence of just how hard they are) nursery schools are luxuries and become the next economy casualty. They cannot be closed without a certain amount of domestic hardship, but to-day they must be regarded as in the cigar, tinned ham and exotic fruit class.—*Leicester Mercury*. (Frank W. Gregory.)

Mr. Revell, commenting on the various composers, said that although he did not think Bach's music was inspired he thought it very scholarly.—Report in *Huddersfield Examiner*. (H. Lomax.)

The 24-year-old wife of a motor mechanic said: "They say don't give them chips, but my children have always loved chips. When they were quite tiny we only had to rustle a newspaper and say chips and they stopped crying."—*Daily Telegraph*. (R. M. Higgens.)

India Faces the Future

(By an Indian Correspondent)

THE stage is set for the battle of democracy in India; the odds are slightly in favour of its survival. The General Election has again put Congress in charge, but the Communists are in a challenging position in three States. In terms of votes, the Socialists are the second largest party, but they have not done well in seats because their votes are scattered. A very large vote has gone to unidentifiable Independents, and in Rajasthan, the very centre of the country, militant reaction was discovered to be flourishing.

In the country as a whole, it may be said that the administrative services and the armed forces still provide a solid and stable element, but that there is an unmistakable trend towards revolution because the imperative needs of the people remain unsatisfied. The success of an election by ballot does give some confidence in peaceful change, but many people ask whether the social and economic revolution which has undoubtedly begun in India can be completed by the ponderous machinery of democratic election. There is, after all, an opposition which does not believe in the parliamentary game.

In considering the revolutionary trend and noticing how similar in many ways it is to the trend of Asia as a whole, one must agree that in India the people are not yet in a revolutionary mood. Congress is therefore still in a position to guide the process of social change. Whether it will be able to do so is open to doubt. It feels chastened and battered by the election and tends to allow itself to become absorbed in problems of mechanism and ministry making. Much, of course, still depends on Nehru, who took a bold and wise course when he assumed the Presidency of Congress and so ended the duality of leadership. He knows, however, that many of the new Congress legislators are not his true followers, and that there remains within Congress a fight for

leadership. In this struggle within the party he is expected to behave democratically, but also to do what only dictators can do.

The economic implications of the new Indian Constitution have not been clearly faced. A mild "welfarism" is envisaged. This does not meet the demands of the Socialists, and it does nothing to answer the challenge which will come from States where the Congress has failed to secure a majority. Since India is an agricultural and Asian country divided on personal, regional and caste lines rather than on the sharp lines of the class struggle, the immediate battle is likely to be mainly between the non-Congress States and the administration in Delhi. In short, the first tussle will develop on the lines of the American Civil War rather than on those of the fight between Yenan and the Kuomintang. Nationalism in India is not yet so deeply entrenched that the country might not be splintered and the Constitution disrupted by the development of internal local nationalism. Nehru is right, therefore, in urging caution upon those who, in Madras and Hyderabad, for instance, talk about reorganising administrative areas on a linguistic basis.

Congress can so far claim credit for consolidating India, giving it a Constitution, routing communalism and rehabilitating the refugees. It can also claim to have persuaded the two religious communities to accept the idea of a secular State; the fact of the election of the only Muslim candidate in Ambala in Eastern Punjab was one of the outstanding features of the election. But this does not mean that the secular State has been achieved in its deeper sense of a State which accepts human beings as equals and does not think of them in terms of caste. Congress has not yet understood the implications of the submerged social classes achieving political consciousness and the right of adult suffrage.

Nehru may find in the now unmistakable challenge of Communism the best weapon to fight the reactionary elements in Congress. For the industrialists who have fought a losing battle under the banner of communalism are now terrified of Communism and may therefore be induced to accept progressive measures if Nehru tells them that they are the only answer to Communism. The danger is that instead of putting forward a progressive programme Congress may be sidetracked into mere manœuvring. In that case it could go the way of the Kuomintang.

The Communists also have their troubles. Their elation at their success in the election is equalled by their embarrassment. Their most spectacular successes were in the very places where they used violent methods, in spite of the denunciation of such tactics as "adventurism" by the very group that organised the election campaign. They gained some real mass support and won for their side social, if not class, consciousness, particularly in places where caste coincided with class. Clearly, in their internal struggles, it may in the next period be constitutionalism rather than adventurism which is denounced as a deviation.

Indian Communists suffer from the traditional Indian traits of disputation, scholasticism, casuistry and sectarianism. Other Left parties are distrustful of Communists as allies because of their capacity for quick-change artistry, their present readiness to collaborate with the upper classes and to abandon nationalisation. They seek power in Madras and Travancore-Cochin for the tactical advantage of pitting states' rights against federal rights and organising local nationalism against Delhi. Where feudalism has faded or is fading, they may still find effective propaganda weapons in the remaining large peasant proprietorships, in scarcity conditions and in social oppression. While Communism in Asia will be more Chinese than Russian, Indian Communism will be limited in its appeal unless it establishes itself as primarily Indian.

The difficulty of realising Socialism through legislation, unsupported by social power, has been stressed by Nehru just as much as by the Socialist leaders. But the Communists have set about organising the social power in places they could hope to dominate. The Socialists, claiming to be the second largest party, want to maintain their character as a third force. A part of this force, however, is in Congress, while another part makes temporary alliance with the Communists. So the Socialists are caught; they maintain that Socialism would lose if they now moved nearer either to the Congress or to the Communists; they content themselves with putting forward a Socialist programme which is on paper far more advanced than that of the Communists, but which sounds hopelessly doctrinaire. Socialist organisation is weak; and there are sharp inconsistencies between the highly individualistic leaders who try to be, in different proportions, simultaneously Marxists and Gandhians. Enthusiastic for revolution in Asia, they are yet lukewarm in their attitude to Peking. In their temperamental intensity and political Calvinism, the Socialist leaders recall Britain's I.L.P. without the compensation of Clydeside warmth. If the Socialist leaders had managed to get into Parliament, Nehru's task would have been easier. He is much nearer to the Socialists and other progressive leadership than to his Congress colleagues, but it is Congress that he leads, and Congress that he must persuade to accept Socialist measures if he is to lead revolution by legislation and render violence unnecessary.

Nehru's foreign policy is the one item which can be said to have been completely endorsed in the elections. The Indian people's pride and interests coincide. Above all ideological allegiances there is a common admiration for China's progress. Reaction against any tendency to lean either towards the United States or the Soviet Union would be swift and strong in India. If confidence in India's present policy tends now to wane, that is because of the growing dislike of dependence on American aid and also, it must be said, of many American visitors. The extrovert and good-natured Mr. Bowles, U.S. Ambassador, with his breezy but guarded utterances, has not removed an increasing uneasiness at the prospect of so much dependence on the U.S. The Communist Party will not be alone in organising resistance to American infiltration. The Americans do not hide their knowledge that they have powerful allies in the rich and reactionary sector of the community. Among the working class and independent intellectuals, there is keen awareness of the danger of international monopoly capitalism, which through increasing consolidation and amalgamation of industrial concerns is helping greater concentration of industrial power and wealth in India. If the Congress has emerged unscathed on foreign policy, it can easily lose the next general election on the dangers of industrial concentration.

Finally, the Congress must meet the production crisis or fail ignominiously. Where it has undertaken economic reforms, such as the abolition of landlordism, it has so far raised more problems than it has solved. Fear, fear of change and fear of enterprise, grips its multi-class leadership. If even the modest objectives of its Five-Year Plan are not reached within the next five years, the Congress will lose its part of the battle and those who will regret it will be a mocking, reactionary minority.

Television Prospect

(Concluded)

LIKE Canute ordering the ultra-short waves back, the B.B.C.'s Director General steadfastly protests that "TV is an extension of broadcasting" and should therefore continue to be controlled by the B.B.C. He bases this claim largely on the fact that, like sound, TV is broadcast by radio transmitter, and its destination is the home. In point of fact, TV is transmitted by radio to homes rather than, say, by cable to cinemas just because its parent body, the B.B.C., possessed radio transmitters and was geared to catering for domestic audiences. Whatever historical or other reasons there may be, Sir William Haley's argument cannot justify a body concerned with the transmission of sound controlling a visual medium. In regarding vision as the necessary and final complement of "blind" sound, Sir William does less than justice to his own medium, sound broadcasting, which at its best and in its own sphere is complete in itself and like many a good book (to use his own apt analogy) does not need illustrating.

There are many functions and long periods of time each day for which TV could not and should not provide a substitute for radio. For with 85 per cent. of one's attention visual, as against only 14 per cent. aural, "Television while you Work" would obviously result in lots of lost fingers to industry. Viewing is an end in itself; it cannot form a background for other activity. This division of attention between the visual and aural does, show how immeasurably more potent than radio TV is as an instrument for the imparting of ideas and impressions.

At the moment in Britain it is the working and lower-middle class that constitute the main and growing proportion of TV's audience. Of the estimated one and a quarter million sets, 51 per cent. last March were owned by people in the £350—£650 income group, and the reticent B.B.C. Audience Research Department calculated that, in 1948, 61 per cent. of viewers were "lower class" as compared with only 43 per cent. in 1946. The conception of TV as the plaything of the stockbrokers of suburbia, if true before the war, is certainly no longer so. Between 40 and 45 per cent. of present sets are being acquired on the Hire Purchase system.

Again according to the B.B.C., in working-class homes TV is generally found among the better educated families, whereas among the middle and well-to-do classes the reverse is true. The lower income groups view more than the higher ones; both tend to view indiscriminately, irrespective of the programme and at the expense of radio listening and cinema going. The cinema-going habit, however, very quickly re-asserts itself. On the whole, say the retailers, viewers are satisfied with what they see, and grumbles are largely due to the fact that no programme can be to everyone's taste and that there are at the moment no alternatives.

Although the Heads of TV are aware of the problem of catering for the wide variety of provincial preferences, the majority of the programmes and their presentation have an air of well-bred, evening-dressed, Southern gentility about them that has already drawn some caustic comments from the industrial North. TV programmers are making the painful discovery known to every touring comedian that there are no British but only Liverpudlians, Geordies, Sheffielders; that patriotism extends to the tram terminus and not much farther. TV at present has an effective range, barring freak

reception, of up to about 50 miles—far less than normal medium- and long-wave broadcasting. Instead, therefore, of each region waiting patiently for its radio and/or cable link to arrive from London (at a cost of £1,000 per mile of cable and £4,000 per radio link), what is to prevent each region putting up its own TV station and enjoying its own local news, personalities and culture?

By all means let there be a national TV centre, originating certain high-standard programmes; where cable or radio links exist, it can transmit to the regions. As an alternative, it can despatch a telefilm recording in cans like any other film. The local station can then diffuse the programme by feeding the telefilm through its film scanner. Moreover, the capital cost of such local TV stations would not be prohibitive. There are any number of derelict halls and theatres in most areas (and in places like Manchester there are fully equipped film studios) which could be converted and used for the purpose without undue difficulty. The Christmas "O.B." pantomime from the Midlands proved that even quite elaborate programmes may originate from the provinces; all that is required is a suitable permanent studio. Given premises, the equipping of the station could be done for about £100,000—a single feature film normally costs more than this. This figure includes a transmitter with an effective range of 30 miles, (the limited range would make congestion of the radio spectrum less of a problem), a film scanner for transmitting 16 or 35 millimetre films, plus three camera channels and studio lights. With this equipment, very elaborate productions could be staged, more ambitious perhaps than a local station might want to undertake.

If, instead, the station wanted to rely more on the cheaper "Outside Broadcasts" to fill its transmission times—and the potentialities of visiting local mill and factory, to say nothing of football ground, theatre and greyhound track, are endless—it could invest in two "O.B." cameras plus a micro-wave link for the same price as three studio cameras. The capital costs by modern standards are not overwhelming, and indeed in America many local stations have sprung up using hotel rooms as studios as a temporary measure.

Little information exists as yet on running costs, which would certainly not be low. The B.B.C.'s one and a quarter million pounds expenditure on TV programmes, engineering and plant maintenance last year for a national system cannot, however, be regarded as representative. The regional station would of course only transmit for a limited time each day, and on the financial and material resources available would depend how much of the London TV output or films were re-transmitted. During the day, when no vision was being sent out, as an economy measure and because TV sound is in any case of better quality than normal medium-wave broadcasting, the sound transmitter could be used as the local V.H.F. sound radio station.

It is highly probable that, with the limited money at its disposal, the B.B.C. could not afford to disperse its effort by pioneering regional TV. Nor should it be required to do so. Judging by the experience to date of both the TV service and the sound "Regionals," autonomy within the rigid B.B.C. financial and administrative structure is a very relative concept. Local TV and V.H.F. stations should be financed and run by Local Authorities. To vast conurbations like Birmingham, Manchester and Glasgow, the financing of a local station, aided by receipts possibly from a local licence on receivers, should not present an insurmountable problem. The limited range of TV and V.H.F. would seem to make them ideal media to help refurbish the rich local cultural patterns of this country—to say nothing of the irredentist Scots—and it may be that the use of television techniques for the transmission of facsimile newspapers into the home (already tried in the U.S.) may abolish the need for multi-millionaire's printing presses and revitalise the local newspaper.

Control of TV by municipalities would certainly bring the medium within the orbit of city council politics, but control by Councillors responsible to electors and ratepayers would seem preferable to control by remote B.B.C. Governors and officials elected by no one and responsible only at many removes. It is in the diversity of local TV stations in competition with one another and with the national service that the best safeguards against the dangers of monopoly bureaucracy and over-centralisation lie; not as many interests are suggesting, by leasing out television time for commercial broadcasts. An Englishman's home would no longer be his castle if it were liable to infiltration by an ultra short-wave vision of Sir Philip Sydney denying himself a glass of expensively advertised transatlantic "pop."

H. F. Carruthers

Upper Niger

Our world was crippled in the noon-day heat. Only the *maître d'hôtel* at the Buffet de la Gare, a tireless Bordelais, seemed capable of rapid movement: he pirouetted among his tables as if this monstrous burden of the heat were nothing to him. Behind shuttered windows the sweating European population would be prone, unconscious. In the African quarter the heat seemed greater still, for there was less shade but more dust. "Here's the house," said my guide, an African trade unionist who edits the local trade union paper. (It appears on two sides of a duplicated sheet, but circulates vigorously.) We ducked in through a hole in the mud-red wall, and came to a courtyard where women were busy with their babies, or were beating at grain upon the hardened earth. Around two adjoining courtyards, several families were living in cool and spacious rooms.

In one of them there was waiting for me, by appointment, a leading man of the *Rassemblement Démocratique Africaine*. Now, the R.D.A., as everyone calls it, was originally formed in 1946 after an inter-territorial conference of Africans from all the French African territories. And the R.D.A. is important not because it is the only African political party in French Africa, but because it is the only one which has acquired mass strength in several territories, has organised itself in all territories, and has given the French administration any real cause for anxiety. Waxing strong upon the political concessions which France, coming much weakened and somewhat changed out of the war, made to its African colonies in 1945 and 1946, the R.D.A. grew rapidly into the strongest political organisation in French Africa south of the Sahara. Thus, in 1946, the R.D.A. sent eight Deputies to Paris out of the score then elected by French West and Equatorial Africa; its central committee sat in Abidjan, on the Ivory Coast, where the movement soon acquired the backing of the vast majority of the population; and its status and general attitude on the Ivory Coast (and to a lesser extent elsewhere) could be compared closely with that of the Convention People's Party in the Gold Coast next door. For the whole of French "Black Africa," the R.D.A. bid fair to become a miniature of the Indian Congress before the British left India.

By 1949, when the R.D.A. held its second inter-territorial conference in Abidjan, this organisation undoubtedly represented a major threat to the continued existence of colonialism in French Africa. Cutting across all social classes, it stood for association with France, but for an end to "colonial servitude." Its sting was greatly strengthened, moreover, by the fact that its Deputies in Paris had made *apparentement*—so as to gain representation on parliamentary commissions and committees, and to better their chance of being heard—with the French Communist Party, which at that time was the largest party in the French Assembly and belonged to the Coalition Government. Although no more than two or three of the leaders of the R.D.A. seem to have felt any sympathy for Communism as such, the R.D.A. as an organisation obviously stood to gain greatly from this tactical alliance on the parliamentary plane.

But by 1949, equally, the French Government was no longer the same as in 1946. The Communists were no longer part of it; with the passing of time, colonial interests had recovered from their panic of the Liberation and had begun to see that they might after all conserve their threatened stake in the colonies. In 1949, accordingly, the French Government passed to the attack in West Africa, just as a year or so earlier it had attacked in Madagascar; and the full weight of this attack—launched through a strong colonial administration possessing the instruments of Direct Rule—fell upon the R.D.A. in the Ivory Coast, where it was strongest. There were *bagarres* and there was shooting; there were many people shot and wounded; there were mass arrests and long-drawn-out trials; and there seems, on the large weight of evidence available, no reasonable doubt that the French deliberately entered upon this path of violence. Under all this pressure, the R.D.A. gradually gave ground, until last year its few remaining Deputies broke their *apparentement* with the Communist Party—that is, with the Opposition—and went over to the Government side. From the well-managed elections of June, 1951, the R.D.A. in French "Black Africa" emerged with only three Deputies instead of eight; and these three are now *apparenté* to M. René Pleven's centre group, the U.D.S.R.

Although it might be thought that the French could now relax, they are still extremely nervous about the R.D.A., and watch it with a cat-like patience. As witness, for example, what followed my conversation with this leading man of the R.D.A. I had asked him all the obvious questions; and then I had asked whether the R.D.A. since its *apparentement* with the Government had voted the military credits, including the credits for Indo-China; and what the position of the R.D.A. would be if France became involved in war with China? To all these latter points this leading figure had replied that the position of the R.D.A. was exactly that of the French Republic. Beyond that he made no comment.

Back at my hotel, some hours later, the clerk gave me a folded sheet of paper. "I think it's from the police," he said. It was. Would I please present myself to the Chef de la Sûreté? "I expect it's only for your passport," the clerk said, trying to look as if he meant it.

The Chef de la Sûreté was politeness itself. A sturdy man somewhat given to corpulence, he took closely after Mr. Dombey's Major Bagstock, and had the same quality of sudden fervour and the same suggestion of being upon the point of bursting into flame. Tough and bluff was the Chef de

And this, best beloved, is the story of the AGA

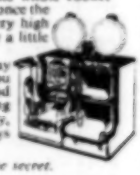
Regd. Trade Mark

Let us begin at the beginning

First, the fire unit is made of high duty chrome alloy. So it can be kept permanently at a very high temperature; and this heat cannot escape, because the whole cooker is heavily insulated. Now once the fire unit is up to that very high temperature, it takes only a little fuel to keep it there.

Like your car. You may do only 25 m.p.g. when you are eternally stopping and starting, but on a long journey you expect, say, 40 m.p.g. The Aga is always 'cruising' economically.

That is the first part of the secret.



So we only need a fire which will replace the heat you use — to 'top up' the fire unit.

When you start cooking, the thermostat opens automatically to increase the draught; when you stop using the Aga, the thermostat closes and the fire slumbers.

When you need heat

When the cooker slumbers

You have no adjusting to do. The thermostat does all that for you **automatically.**

That is the second part of the secret.

In brief, the chrome alloy fire unit, plus the thermostatically controlled fire, are the basic reasons why

1. The Aga is guaranteed not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year however much you use it.

2. The Aga burns continuously, day in day out, year after year.

3. It is always ready for immediate use at any time.

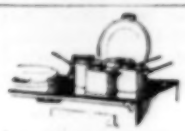
4. You never have to wait for the right cooking temperatures, or struggle with dampers and switches.

5. You have no morning fire to light, no clinkers to clear.

Now let us start looking round

The boiling plate on the left boils water from cold at the rate of a pint a minute. This plate holds three 8-pint pans at a time.

On this plate you also fry, grill and toast



On the right you have the simmering plate. This also holds three 8-pint pans. Nothing can boil over on this plate, not even milk.

When you are not using the hotplates you shut the lids down to stop heat escaping.

The top oven is for roasting and baking. Meat roasted in this oven need not be basted and will not shrink — besides, it tastes better. Bread and cakes, scones and biscuits are baked quite beautifully.

This top oven

is always hot, always ready
will easily take a 20 lb. turkey
is evenly heated all round
has a vent to carry off steam and smells
automatically carbonises anything spilled inside. All the cleaning it ever needs is an occasional brush out.

But wait

The unique feature of the Aga is the simmering oven

for slow cooking of casseroles, stews and soups

for gently cooking creamy milk puddings

for overnight cooking of hams, stock — and porridge

for bottling fruit

for finishing off vegetables in their own steam, after starting them on the boiling plate

for warming plates and dishes safely

and

for keeping a hot meal hot

without it drying up

when he "is kept late at the office"

And all the time, day and night, without any attention and without in any way interfering with your cooking, the Aga is heating your water.

You will get three piping-hot baths every day and plenty of washing-up water all day long.

You will forget there ever was such a thing as 'boiler-trouble'.

The Aga is wonderfully clean, immensely labour-saving . . . and costly? **Anything but!**

It couldn't be cheaper to run. Its fuel bill is roughly a shilling a day. Compare this with what you pay now for cooking and water-heating!

It is the only cooker and water heater that can be bought on a 5-year Hire Purchase. If you do this it costs you £2 a month (say 10/- a week or 1/6 a day).

The Aga is guaranteed for 10 years — but it will last for generations!

If you could lap up lots more facts and figures, and would like to see pictures of the Aga in different sorts of kitchen, you should read that interesting book, **The Saga of the Aga.** Now, this is not the sort of book you borrow from a friend. You are most welcome to a copy to yourself. Please write to

AGA HEAT LTD

52 ORCHARD HOUSE, ORCHARD ST., LONDON, W.1

The word Aga is a registered Trade Mark of Aga Heat Ltd.

Aga models from £90 to £123, ex works

la Sûreté; and some of his best friends, no doubt, were Africans. He occupied a moment or two in beating about the bush with tremendous friendliness, and then rushed break-neck at the matter of our interview. "Don't suppose you've been much in Africa, have you? Well, of course you haven't. You don't understand, of course. There are some things, you see, which it isn't wise . . . I mean, it doesn't do . . . ." Empurpled, he took strength to hammer at the point; and hammered. "You went to see X to-day, didn't you? And you asked him about the R.D.A., didn't you? And the military credits? And what they'd do if there were a war? And that sort of thing, didn't you?" The substance of my talk with X came trickling out. "Quite unnecessary to ask these things, my dear friend," he exploded. "The R.D.A. you know—the R.D.A. is absolutely on our side. Absolutely . . . Oh, at the beginning, I admit, some of our younger colonials lost their heads. But we, you know, we old colonials . . ."

In essence, these small events and annoyances reflect a situation which is difficult to analyse. They suggest, in the first place, the way in which the French have used their machinery of Direct Rule to undermine or nullify the concessions that were made to Africans after the war. They offer some idea of the tension which pervades the political life of these territories—and contrasts painfully, at least in this respect, with the present atmosphere in the Gold Coast. They reflect the watchful suspicion with which the French regard British concessions in the Gold Coast and Nigeria—coming for greater inconvenience just at a time when the French are working to withdraw the concessions which they, in their turn, made in 1945 and 1946. It goes without saying that they are not by any means the whole story: although tamed, the R.D.A. is certainly not smashed, and in some territories its rank-and-file has refused to follow the leaders into support of the Government, or has followed them with suspicion and distrust. The French have also to contend with a strong African trade union organisation—much stronger than its counterpart in British West Africa, and endowed with greater trade union liberties—which has not yet broken its ties of affiliation with the C.G.T. in France, nor even with the W.F.T.U.

Another side of the story is the intense and concentrated effort with which the French are building up their colonies in "Black Africa." Official figures given me in Dakar show that nominal capital in French West Africa and French Togoland increased from 175 million colonial francs (which have double the face value of Metropolitan francs) to 268 millions in 1948, and to no less than 1,140 millions in 1949. Much of this new capital is in basic development, ports and transport.

At Conakry, in French Guinea, an Anglo-French concern is about to begin large shipments of iron ore from seemingly inexhaustible deposits; nearby the Aluminium Company of Canada is nearing the point where it will be able to start getting out bauxite. Farther down the Gulf, in the Ivory Coast, the colonial *régie* for cellulose has discovered a profitable way of using much of the useless timber of the equatorial forest, and already has a pilot plant in operation for the making of 6,000 tons of wrapping paper every year. The managing director of this *régie*, characteristically enough, is a former colonial governor, and much of the capital for this pilot plant was provided by the State. Other and larger plants which are now to be erected in the Ivory Coast and the Cameroons will be privately owned.

Rightly or wrongly, the French in French West Africa have the impression that French imperialism—no matter by what name the politicians may like to call it—has acquired a fresh start in life; and is now bigger, more profitable, than ever it was before.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Abidjan, Ivory Coast.

Of Bigotry and Virtue

II. SILVER AND PLATE

In an industry which, as I have indicated, is in some danger of being taxed and priced out of existence, the silversmith can count himself relatively fortunate. True, if he employs sterling silver, his wares have to bear 100 per cent. Purchase Tax—plate gets off with 33⅓ per cent.—but his raw material (excellent in its qualities of malleability, ductility and fusibility) costs a sum trivial in relation to that of platinum or even gold. Thus, in dealing with this metal—dignified and sober in appearance, modest in price—the silversmith, one would say, has a better chance than the gem-setter of surviving in a world of austerity: economically he is more attuned to his times.

Before it reaches the silversmith, the mined silver is first treated to free it from the base ore and is then cut into 1,000 oz. bars which are shipped to the London refineries. There, the silver is alloyed down to "standard"—*i.e.*, 925 parts of silver to 75 parts of alloy, mainly copper. Alloyed, it is next cast into flat, inch-thick plates called "skillets," ready for rolling into sheets or reducing into wires. It is in the form of wire or sheet cut into circles, oblongs or other forms of the required gauge, that the silver comes to the silversmiths.

For sheer craftsmanship I am inclined to give pride of place to the London hand-made cigarette case, in whose manufacture gold, of course, may also be employed. In the best work, no stampings are used: the frame, on to which the sides are soldered, is hand-cut from the solid, so that the closure, beautifully hinged, is meticulously exact. Then comes the engine-turning—an operation which is performed with a machine but demands of the operative the skill that comes only from long experience and something of the artist's eye. Apart from the setting of the machine which cuts its granular or other patterns on the metal surface, much depends on delicacy of touch and the interpretation of design. The same applies to hand-built cigarette boxes; but these toys for the self-indulgent smoker form, of course, a small fraction of contemporary silversmiths' work. The bulk is represented by what one may term household ware—tea and coffee services, trays, bowls, decorated baskets and so forth.

Features of this craft are specialisation and the fact that, though machines are used to a considerable extent in turning out components, the final assembly is still, and seems always likely to be, a handicraft. Casting is employed only to a small extent: the process fails to give the necessary cleanness of decorative outline; and since castings (commonly utilised for small handles) have to be gone over by a "casting chaser," the method is not really economic. Hollow ware is either "raised" by hand—a process which involves the use of a multiplicity of hammers with curved handles—or, more usually, is "spun." In spinning, the shaped piece of flat sheet is pressed with a blunt steel tool against a whirling chock, built up in sections so that it can ultimately be dismantled and withdrawn from the inside of the spun article. Strength as well as skill are demanded of the spinner; and in many cases he has to stop and anneal his metal, which is hardened excessively by the pressure of the tool, before he can finish his shape. For flatter objects—say, shallow bowls or trays with curved rims—die-stamping is employed, and in the workshops of Birmingham silversmiths you may still see century-old "kick-stamps" hard at work. Decorations are also stamped from dies and subsequently filled in flush at the back with silver.

Then comes assembly by hand—the nice adjustment, the careful, almost invisible soldering. After that follow the piercing by hand-operated presses and the work of the engraver, who transfers his pattern to the metal surface by sanding tissue paper perforated to mark the design: the sand tracing is first scratched on the metal and then cut with the engraving tool. Trays involve the work, after all this manipulation, of a highly specialised craftsman—the flat-hammerer, who removes all the bumps and distortions by beating the metal on a small steel anvil. The work looks so easy, so casually performed; but it is immensely difficult, and good flat-hammerers in this country may be counted on the fingers of two hands. Finally, after de-oxidisation, the finished ware is burnished and polished—either into brilliance or, to please some tastes, into what is known as "butler's finish," the slightly duller polish which gives the impression of the patina of old, well-tended silver.

In the manufacture of silver plate—and I am speaking here primarily of the high-grade reproductions of old "Sheffield" on which several British firms now pride themselves—the process is similar. It is, of course, no longer a question of using the fused, rolled sandwich of silver and copper sheet which Thomas Bolsover accidentally discovered in 1742, and which held the stage for nearly a hundred years. Modern "Sheffield" is plated by the electrolytic process which Elkingtons developed in 1840, but the basic metal used is still copper. Imagine the construction of the object to have followed virtually the same lines as if standard silver were the raw material, with the exception that stamped decorations are filled not with silver but with base metal, and hand-raising is rare. The completed object is first de-greased in a boiling potash solution, then scoured of potash with cyanide, cleaned with fine abrasive and a lathe-operated scratch brush, given a quick bath in a mercuric solution, and next a short plunge in a "striking bath" which deposits a rapid undercoat of silver. If this be satisfactory, the article is then given its slow electro-plating—one or two hours according to its size. After that comes the highly skilled work of the sanders and moppers who polish the plate, and on whose "touch" depends the ultimate evenness and wearing qualities of the plating.

Standard silver or electro-plate, tea service, entrée dish or cruet—the best work of British silversmiths to-day carries on faithfully the great traditions of Paul de Lamerie, who set the style for the early eighteenth century, and his successor, Paul Storr, whose work so greatly influenced the later Georgian and Regency periods. Traditionalism, it must be conceded, is the keynote of the contemporary industry; and it is in the reproduction of old patterns—one famous Birmingam firm actually uses Matthew Boulton's original dies—that the greatest success is achieved. Where present-day designers are given their heads, as in the floral decoration of enamelled hairbrushes and hand mirrors, the results are quite lamentable; and I have yet to see a modern design of tableware which convincingly combined beauty with functional utility. But, if the designers are not there—and in their defence one must say that foreign demand, in an industry which now relies predominantly on export, is mainly for "old English" patterns—the work of the craftsman is still superlative.

AYLMER VALLANCE

MY UNCLE JOE

by

STALIN'S NEPHEW

BUDU SVANIDZE

"I asked Molotov to pay half of it for it was really a private dinner to Churchill," complained Stalin when his daughter Svetlana told him that he had paid 10,000 roubles out of his budget for entertaining at the Kremlin.

So records Budu Svanidze, Stalin's nephew, who has written for the Sunday Express the fascinating, personal story of Stalin as seen in the intimacy of his home and family.

The first enthralling chapter on Sunday will tell how Stalin's pious conservative family forced him into a Church wedding at which he sang a love song and performed a dagger dance with his friend Prince Mdvani.

You must read

'MY UNCLE JOE'
on Sunday

TO THE MECHANICALLY MINDED, 1895 was an exciting year. In spite of stringent Highways Acts, people were driving the first few horseless carriages on the public roads—frequently without the man with a red flag who should have preceded them and exceeding the speed limit of 4 m.p.h. British engineers were building their first cars; a new industry had been founded. And that same year the foundations of another great enterprise had been laid. At Tovil, Albert E. Reed had begun to make super-calendered newsprint at his first paper mill acquired the previous year. Successfully reviving other mills, he was soon to be known as "the Wizard of the South" and to build up an unrivalled reputation as a manufacturer of super-calendered printing papers, including newsprint. From this beginning, not sixty years ago, has grown the vast paper-making enterprise of the Reed Paper Group, producing today an ever-increasing tonnage of British newsprint and the largest output of Kraft paper in the whole of Europe.

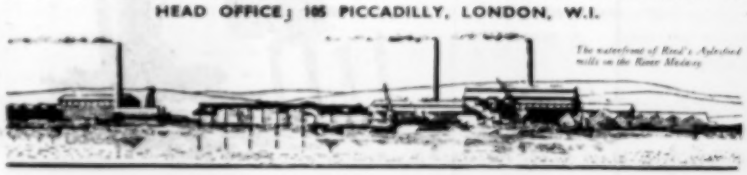
Reed

PAPER GROUP

PIONEERS IN MODERN PAPER TECHNOLOGY

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD
THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD · MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD
THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD · REED FLONG LTD
THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
POWELL, LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
E. S. FREEMAN & WISCOTT LTD · REED PAPER SALES LTD

HEAD OFFICE: 185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.



The waterfront of Reed's Aylesford mills on the River Medway

We and They

OLD Mrs. Quiggley was never known to say "I"; it was always "we" or "they." In the days when Mrs. Quiggley was Church I tried to install myself near her pew so that I could find out whether she began her Creed "They believe . . ." or "We believe . . ." But I never managed it, and Mrs. Quiggley was converted to Chapel because our butcher is Noncomformist, and she hoped for a more rewarding portion here below: "They like you to see eye-to-eye with them."

One time and another Mrs. Quiggley obliged at all the houses of our village, Bramley Seedling, in Wiltshire, and during her period with us I tried to analyse her ambiguous anonymity. Could it be, I asked myself at the outset, that Mrs. Quiggley was the very winking violet of modesty? It could not. Winking yes, but modest, no. With her grey hair screwed into a knot, her old-age pension nearly due, her mouth unencumbered by private-enterprise, State or personal teeth, her height no more than a broomstick, she dabbed her sharp nose with rice powder and remained open to offer: "We never know when Mr. Right will blow along, do we?"

Mrs. Quiggley was, in her rough way, a good and willing worker. Bad weather or ill-health never kept her from the conscientious performance of her duties. She never broke china or glass, but to wood and metal her touch was solvent. In no time at all she parted brooms from their handles, lids from coffee-pots, and disembowelled the carpet-sweeper. Screw-threads and hinges were a challenge; even the seemingly robust gas-cooker was made to receive the stamp of her personality in ways its designer would never have thought possible. "We don't hold with them Frizzes. We prefer our food sweet and wholesome in the pantry," she'd say. "We reckon nothing to the new-fangled cadgers. We prefer to do our work proper, down on our knees."

Phrases such as these, I soon came to realize, belonged to Mrs. Quiggley's dream world in which Bramley Seedling was a hamlet of calendar cottages with roses round the door and honeysuckle bobbing in at the window, neatly divided into "gentry" and "the likes of us." But Mrs. Quiggley wanted the best of both Bramley Seedlings. She wanted to bob and curtsey to a squire and a vicar who were "real gentlemen"—and no one was ever quicker at divining the subtle distinction; she seemed to relish the "good old days" in service, when she got up at five and the parlourmaid shared a bed with the cook, and hung her clothes on a row of pegs behind a curtain; but she took the new rates of pay in her stride, in her five-bob-a-week cottage, and was outraged when top-dentures had to be paid for, although she herself preferred to dip her toast in tea. I tried Mrs. Quiggley out on every kind of domestic work, and found that sinks, buckets and grates were her true métier; "We taught 'er all 'er cooking," she commented, "and we did all 'er fancy laundry work."

In short, "we" longed to be indispensable, and kidded ourselves we were. This pathetic form of third-person dreaming sprang from a longing for a richer, better, more stable and civilised world, in the heart of a lonely widow who was not even so much her own worst enemy as that of every other body in Bramley Seedling. Mrs. Quiggley was ignorant and shrewd, stubborn and anxious to please. She gleaned straws and made them into the bricks of her imaginary past. There was nothing she didn't know. "We always cooked with our best olive oil like you in the war when we hadn't any fats," she pretended. "We always put pap-what's-'is-name in our stews," although she'd grumble to the kitchen sink: "'Er and 'er messed-up foreign cookery! We like our plain English food, we do!"

The Quiggley tongue, which did its owner such disservice during the day, turning her friends to enmity, her employers to exasperation, wagged with even less restraint of an evening in the inglenook of the local, whither she made her way in all weathers, trotting patiently at a coolie-shuffle, as if she were one of eight carrying a grand piano on their heads through the streets of Delhi. The publican naturally was an ex-employer, but I'm glad to report that he was kind, and her corner remained her corner. In it, over her pint, she gave her views, as a voter, on the world in general. Then her employers came into the "they" category, or the "he" and "she." In my time she claimed on one of her particularly off-me days during the election: "They're not Labour! She told me so 'erself. They're Socialists!" Then came the dreadful night when Mrs. Quiggley turned informer, after dusting my husband's desk and spelling out the titles of various books: "They're Communists! 'E makes atom bombs in 'is workshop!"

Other forms of "he" figured in Mrs. Quiggley's conversation, notably "he" of the weather reports. "'E says its going to be nippy, so we'd best get our fur coats out!" There was also "he" of the News, always a little vague, it seemed, and not quite sure of his facts: "'E says the British Prime Minister of India is dead, that there Sarder Pastille, a friend of yours they do say, you being Indians." Another favourite "he" was Mr. Churchill, and Mrs. Quiggley repeated frequently, during Labour rule, that what the Government would do without him we were sure we didn't know. She thanked him from the bottom of her grateful old heart for her free doctoring, and the spectacles she had from the oculist. "'E's our boy," she said, "and though we'll never tell them what our colour is, because we vote our own way and they can't stop us, 'e's our colour." So she rode triumphantly to the poll in a car decked with red ribbons.

Mrs. Quiggley's favourite "we" carried great weight and was the chief interest in her drab life. It far outstripped the editorial; it was regal, and vicarious: "I see we're off to Malta, and Philip's joining us!" That was a great day. And her most sorrowful one, in which for once Bramley Seedling was with her to a man, was the morning she opened her *Daily Mirror* and read about the late King's illness. At that stage in Mrs. Quiggley's career she wondered if she had, after all, done right to turn Chapel. "We wouldn't like," she explained, "to let 'im down."

As she failed in strength, Mrs. Quiggley lived up to all the Bramley Seedling traditions, the Bramley Seedling that was part true and part her dream world. "We all have our 'clothes' ready for when we go," she said. And, although I wouldn't have believed it, there they were, hand-stitched and laid with lavender from her garden in her press. At last she joined the final "them," in the Bramley Seedling churchyard, under the ministrations of the new-style vicar, whom she never quite approved. I couldn't help remembering that during her time with me she said, when turning out the drawing-room (our house adjoins the churchyard), "We always get the smell of them in here. They kind of seep through. We notice it as soon as we draw the curtains. It's as if they didn't want to be forgotten."

ROSE MARIE HODGSON

he's a CRAVEN TOBACCO man

Men who are always on the go find CRAVEN TOBACCO a full flavoured smoke that gives untiring satisfaction. Fresh and fragrant, it burns evenly — slowly. It never bites, and every pipeful is smooth and cool. A grand, manly tobacco.

Obtainable in three blends — *Craven Mixture* 4/6 *an oz.; Craven Empire de luxe Mixture* 4/3 *an oz.; Craven Empire Curly Cut* 4/3 *an oz.*

FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS

The Arts and Entertainment

POETIC DRAMAS

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON obviously cannot be fully aware of the degree to which tricks and mannerisms of speech have crept into his voice in the last few years. At Stratford last week, where he made his first appearance of the season as Prospero in a revised production of last year's *The Tempest*, these had reached the limits of the bearable. I risk the charge of impertinence in saying this of so fine and serious an actor as Sir Ralph, only because it is painful to see the possibilities of this season, with him heading the cast, (he is later to play Macbeth) being utterly squandered. The plain fact is that he has now reached a pitch where his intonation, phrasing, pronunciation, bear almost no relation at all to the sense of what he is saying. I have never heard verse so hacked, mangled, twisted and distorted, punctuation so obliterated, syntax so bent and battered out of shape as it was by him on the first night of *The Tempest*. The poor part emerged at the end a shapeless, unrecognisable mess. That Sir Ralph, all the same, managed to retain command of the stage throughout was a triumph of personality, not of acting. The verdict is wilful murder.

Two performances stood out. Miss Margaret Leighton conveyed a real feeling for the eerie and the haunted as Ariel, and Mr. Michael Hordern's Caliban humorously struggled up towards a sort of sub-humanity. Otherwise Mr. Quayle's company this year seems rather dangerously devoid of personality in the middle reaches. The two young people fairly reeked of Drama School: their sentence, twelve months hard in commercial rep. Mr. Loudon Sainthill's elaborate decor and Mr. Benthall's grand production seem by comparison with last year altogether too dominating; this is doubtless because the actors are not (at least yet) on top.

The Arts Theatre, at their club, are presenting an *Uncle Vanya* which is worth seeing for those who don't know, or have forgotten, the play and can come to it without inhibiting standards of comparison. The performance, that is, gives us a taste of how beautiful the play can be without, frankly, reaching the heart of it. The delicate balance between the comic and the tragic is never quite held. For with Chekhov it is surely not a question of which of the two should predominate. Rather, it was one of his great achievements to break down the categories, to blur the conventional line between the funny and the serious, to show how the tragic is always smudged with the comic, and the comic a gauze only half concealing the tragic. Towards all this the Arts Theatre acting shows a finally fatal uncertainty. Mr. Cyril Luckham gives us much of Uncle Vanya but not the last essence which can make his failure to shoot his brother-in-law at once absolutely ludicrous and truly touching. Mr. John Justin comes nearest in his study of the idealising doctor; and the rest of the cast are more than adequate.

At the Bristol Old Vic Mr. Denis Carey is giving a production of *Family Reunion* so sure of itself and so compelling that it might make Mr. Eliot modify some of the self-criticism he addressed to his own play in a recent lecture. Stillness is the key-note of the production, and it comes in good time to remind us that the fashionable modern bustle and movement ("all this is far too static. You must move *somewhere* on that line") is, as the French recently showed us, by no means the most effective for poetic drama. The mother, the aunts and uncles are grouped quite statically in their family circle, and they speak the verse lucidly and pointedly: and let it do the work. Then when they do make some slight small movement—when the aunts for a moment stop their knitting and look up in unison—the effect is violently telling. Mr. Eliot, himself, confessed the impossibility of the Furies being impersonated:—

> We tried every possible manner of presenting them. We put them on the stage and they looked like uninvited guests who had strayed in from a fancy dress ball. We concealed them behind gauze and they suggested a still out of a Walt Disney film. We made them dimmer, and they looked like shrubbery outside the window. I have seen other expedients tried: I have seen them signalling from across the garden, or swarming on to the stage like a football team, and they are never right.

Taking Mr. Eliot's hint, Mr. Carey allows them to exist only in the mind of Harry, and Mr. Laurence Payne, in a very well sustained performance, creates them for us. Mr. Eliot's other criticisms of his own play may remain—of our not knowing whether to treat it as the tragedy of the mother or the salvation of the son. Mr. Carey firmly allows only the latter interpretation and the guest star, Miss Beatrix Lehmann loyally supports the reading. But in any case the play, with its sardonic humour and its constant pressing on the nerve of reality, entirely holds its audience, especially when so admirably spoken and acted as it was by every member of the Bristol Old Vic company.

T. C. WORSLEY

ROGER FRY

A VISIT to the Roger Fry commemorative exhibition at the Arts Council's premises in St. James's Square is a melancholy experience, and a bitter disappointment to those like myself who have been brought up to regard him with reverence. How one would have enjoyed confronting the smart Aleck triumphantly! "So you see," one would have been able to say, "that phrase that you would toss so smoothly across the dinner-table because it was safe, because you could be sure that no one would contradict you and lead you out of your depth, that Fry may have been a great critic but was no painter—like Vasari, you would add, or Ruskin, always trotting out the same irrelevant parallels—you see now what nonsense you talked!" It is not nonsense. No amount of pleading that the wrong examples of his work have been selected will get away from the fact that the accepted view is correct.

The show is devastatingly comprehensive, too well organised. All periods of his life's work are shown, from his first picture, *Palatine Hill in Twilight* painted at the age of 27 to the canvas left unfinished at his death. It is absurd to say that the pictures are bad. On the contrary, they maintain a fairly consistent level of efficiency. They are also pleasing on account of their subject-matter, which describes a vanished life of ease outside this windy island: an atmosphere of time profitably wasted, of good food and warmth and pink houses perched on hillsides, of the pleasures of the senses tempered with a certain austerity. The girl in the high-necked sweater is a suffragette out of *Night and Day*. The elderly gentleman in the wicker armchair will put aside his Montaigne in a moment and will stroll across the lawn to discourse on the binomial theorem. But as Fry himself would have been the first to recognise, an artist has no right to rely on the glamour of his subject for the success of his picture and we are left, once we begin to search around for some deeper satisfaction than nostalgia, with a row of ordinary landscapes and portraits all too typical of their age.

There is something to be said for the view that now is the most unfortunate moment to have chosen for a Fry exhibition. He has subsided, through little fault of his own but through the fault of time passing, into the trough of a wave. The kind of reconciliation that has taken place between art and life since he painted and lectured has poisoned his period for us, and cut us off from understanding of his exceedingly detached and sophisticated approach to landscape and human beings. I am sure we have not long to wait before his supreme importance in the history of art criticism is once again recognised. As a painter, I doubt if he will ever be greatly honoured. He

A word to husbands

Many a husband believes that if he dies without making a Will, his whole estate passes to his widow. Usually it does not, and under the existing law it is possible for the main benefit on an intestacy to go to distant relatives. By making a Will a husband can protect his wife's interests, and by appointing the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company he can ensure that those interests will have sympathetic and expert care.

MIDLAND BANK

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

does not make one aware of a fire burning behind his forms which even the most intellectual among the artists whose cause he championed always managed to keep alight. The most that will ever be said of him is that he developed into a decent and scrupulous academic portrait and landscape painter. Indeed, the pictures that stay in the memory are not the imitations of superficial aspects of Cézanne, Renoir or Bonnard, but the commissioned portraits, and the solid, rather dull views over the Campagna in the manner of Gaspard Poussin and the young Corot, built up with care, impressive because of their seriousness. Fry's puritanism and feeling for the French classical tradition, which have been noted as the foundations of his criticism, emerge no less clearly from his creative work.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

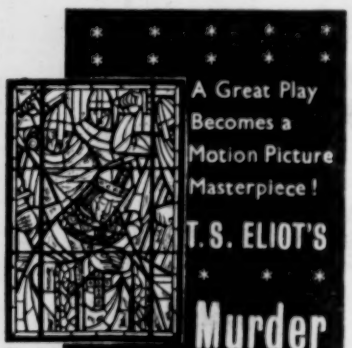
FIRST to Warwickshire. *The Bearskin* (by Lawrence Hanson) was a play about the young George Eliot's loss of orthodox faith and consequent discovery of herself as a writer. To my sorrow (for the subject was promising, and the chief performer, Marjorie Westbury, was one whom I esteem beyond all other radio actresses) it only illustrated the pitfalls of the Imaginary Conversation. There *have* been brilliant successes in this difficult *genre*; one, I recall, on Ibsen; another on Henry James; but these had a marked theatrical turn and unusually good writing. For one thing, the representation of familiar characters is always a snare, unless they are so highly characterised that they match or overcome our own impressions. George Eliot's voice, for instance, should somehow agree with the visual effect of the George Eliot portraits. A streak of harshness here was sorely needed. As for the words themselves—Lawrence Hanson is an admirable biographer, but his dialogue, wavering between the trivial and the formal, lacked sharpness, and the right placing of emphasis. Long stretches of abstract talk, besides sounding faintly unnatural, are indeed a strain both on actor and audience. I was reminded of this when listening to the recent Third Programme discussions between Professor Wisdom and his wife (*The Modes of Thought and the Logic of God*) which were so extravagantly improbable as a piece of domestic conversation that one hardly heard the theme (Is There a God?) for marvelling at the solemn wildness of the whole presentation.

I am sorry that *G-Men* has come to an end—brisk vignettes of U.S.A. life from F.B.I. case books, each one ending with a forceful and slightly inconsequent moral, very much (were it only in verse) in the manner of Perrault or La Fontaine. The F.B.I., an endearing body on the air, has its Dr. Watsons, too. "I can't make out that guy. He acts like all the world was in love with him," observes the (temporarily) baffled Government sleuth of the Fosco-like racketeer with the accent of one of our older Universities. And such poetry is frequent. "We got a stiff in the bedroom. Wa'do we do?" Asking myself rather jealously why American crime should be more glamorous than our own, I realise that most Famous Crimes in this country have a lower-middle-class cast and setting; the seedy end of the older suburb, the provincial or seaside town; the world of Mr. Polly or Mr. Pooter in prose; of Mr. Betjeman in poetry. Respectability—Shaw's *middle-class morality*—is, whether directly or no, one of the main motives of your true English murder. The transatlantic crime, however, is based more simply on money, and on what the textbooks call "power"; in showing how both can be used it has, indeed, a startling sort of vigour.

To gloze (v.i.): *to palliate by specious explanation.* As an essay in moral justification, the talk on *Apartheid* by Mr. Geyer seemed a fine instance of the use of this ancient verb. (The talk may be read in *The Listener*.) It was perhaps unfortunate for the speaker that in his complacent view of a complex matter, he was a little betrayed by his voice; it was exactly that of one of the less edifying characters who beset the path of Everyman in an old Morality Play. It may be argued that "the other side" has been presented recently on the Third Programme. I can only say that the personal views of an unrepresentative and, I think, ill-chosen coloured speaker did not give a countering service to the cause of his people. Wisdom and largeness of vision are not the prerogatives of white or black; nor are the reverse of these qualities.

I can't think of an exact English equivalent to the programme called *L'Art du Troubadour en 1952*, a recital by Jean Mercure of poems, mostly satires and ballads, with piano accompaniment by Germaine Mounier. Perhaps the English language, which cannot put so much into its *monosyllabic* words, does not lend itself to a use so electrifying, so striking, so harshly dramatic. Moving in dragonfly fashion from this extremely sophisticated pleasure, I would like to add that I listened one Thursday morning to the Choir of the Barry Girls' County School (with the B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra) singing, without "harmonising" (if that is the word) a group of unhackneyed songs. It was as pleasant a 20 minutes as can be imagined.

NAOMI LEWIS



THE MOVIES

"Viva Zapata!", at the Marble Arch Odeon

A Streetcar Named Desire still runs, or rattles, about Leicester Square, while its driver, Elia Kazan, and its conductor, Marlon Brando, have moved on to quite other occupations at Marble Arch. The city slums have been left behind for Mexico fair and bloody, poker brawls for political freedom, and under the sky nothing quite so catches the eye as Mr. Brando himself.

He allures, he smoulders as ever. If one day we should encounter him smiling and relaxed—as, say, a happy lighthouse-man or successful baseball player—how bitter would be the disillusion! A Garbo dreading to be alone, a Chaplin without hair on a Stroheim with, an undemonstrative Orson Welles, could hardly shock more. Not that he is merely—given a certain underlining—himself: the three roles we know him by have been notably distinct. One can't transpose the rehabilitated cripple of *The Men* with the howling Polack of *Streetcar*, and now the gorilla has turned guerrilla, and heroic into the bargain. As Zapata, a self-made general under Diaz battling for Indian rights, his slumps and preoccupations impress no less than the flashes of action and speech. This, as a Brando emergent. The body still induces a tension, that physical tension which, in wholly different manners, accompanied Laughton in his heyday and will pick out Anna Magnani from a crowd. I would not compare, either in magnitude or style, him with them; Orson Welles the actor is a little nearer the mark—a Welles of the Fourth, brooding among pigmies. He would lead, he would speak, he would be himself with that exercise of strength which may result in cruelties or—as here—in self-sacrifice. As yet this egocentricity has to define its zone. Will the slumbering giant awake, or are backwardness, half-submergence, and the shadowy instincts his limit? Is he, after all, only head of the sulk school? *Viva Zapata!* pushes the boundaries a little farther here and there; and—this, after all, is Mr. Brando's enormous asset—however much he may fascinate, he doesn't outweigh his films. They make him, as he makes them: his merits are undetachable and undoubted.

Viva Zapata! achieves considerably more than the portrait—an idealised portrait, let me add—of a peasant stirred to anger and pity by injustice, and fighting his tough holy war on behalf of the peons. Its two hours bring a biography to life (not the easiest thing on a screen); our senses are startled by a people and a landscape we know well but at second hand. The episodes, from the peasants' delegation abashed before the President to Zapata's final betrayal and assassination, rarely deviate into the episodic: feeling carries it on, and while not all parts are equally good, the combination of skills seem unbreakable. Script (by Steinbeck), music, photography, cutting achieve a clear-cut beauty—this is a most rewarding film to look at and listen to, apart from its theme—and Elia Kazan's direction does more, on this occasion, than make the actors act and the film go. He is not afraid of building up, sometimes by over-emphatic means, a towering sequence: the progress of Zapata, for example, after his arrest, through the streets and out into the country. If it has begun by banging the keys rather obviously, in the end it splendidly achieves its music of action.

Viva Zapata! aims at embodying a legend, and bringing that legend before us as vividly as possible. The good and the bad, the ideal and the decay, of revolution are split into primary colours: one must thrill, the other shock. Is this over-simplification? I don't think so, since the film never, or rarely, slips into the unreality of parable. Even the finish, with its white horse of hope, has an alloyed strength. *Viva Zapata!*, I may remark, is original and exciting enough to see twice.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Two English Composers for the I. S. C. M.

Among much new, or newish, music heard recently over the air or in London concert halls, two English compositions stand out, and it is pleasant to know that both of them have been chosen as our contribution to the Salzburg meeting, next June, of the International Society for Contemporary Music. The first is Humphrey Searle's *Poem for 22 Strings*, a work introduced a year or two ago at Cheltenham. The piece is aptly named: a single poetic impulse, of dream-like intensity, fills it from end to end. The shape is that of a large arc: whispered beginnings, a richly scored and impassioned central section, a whispered ending. The advanced idiom (presumably twelve-note) is not easy to follow in detail, yet the elevated mood is unmistakably sustained; since the death of Alban Berg, few composers have spoken this language so naturally and with such communicative power. The second work is Phyllis Tate's *Sonata*

WOLFSBERG *Fine Art Reproductions*
unique in style and colour fidelity are now included in the
DAVID JEANS COLLECTION
on exhibition at 29 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3

for Clarinet and Cello, now a few years old. Everything we hear from Miss Tate increases our respect for her invention, her technical skill and her judgment. Throughout four movements, with continuous wit and charm, her imagination explores the musical possibilities of this unusual combination of instruments—both of them sentimental singers by nature, yet both capable of considerable agility. Her discoveries sometimes make the listener smile with pleasure, as when clarinet arpeggios skip backwards and forwards across a grave cello cantilena like a small boy jumping over a recumbent poet. But the work is not a succession of textural tricks; it is full of delicate lyrical ideas, *visions fugitives* developed without a hint of monotony into brief, but satisfying, formal structures. Miss Tate shows her judgment above all in this—that she always knows precisely when to stop. D. S.-T.

"Lady Susan," at the New Boltons

This Jane Austen comedy has everything but the one essential ingredient. It lacks style. Joanne Woolbrook's adaptation is admirable, Iris Baker and Alan Wheatley exhibit sense and sensibility in the correct period proportions, Richmond Nairne makes a beautiful coxcomb out of the baronet and Julie Somers is suitably squirrelish as the persecuted Frederica. Here the credit side ends and we are faced with the production, which is oddly graceless. Mr. Vernon (David Bascoe), who is more like a retired tradesman than the master of Churchill, and Lady Susan herself. Never for a moment do we believe that Dinah Sheridan is "the most accomplished coquette in England." She is not even "a very distinguished flirt," though she is, as Mrs. Vernon told her brother, "really excessively pretty . . . and from her appearance one would not suppose her to be more than five-and-twenty." She tuts, pouts and rowls her eyes like the lady in Dryden's song. She and her friend Mrs. Johnson (Anna Burden) work their fans like frenziedly—all, alas, to no effect. The illusion has fled. Lady Susan has turned into the proverbial merry widow of Edwardian high comedy, down for a breath of country air after a strenuous season's scalping at Homburg. She is Mrs. Dane, Lady Frederick, Penelope—everything, in fact, but Miss Austen's heroine. The play is followed by St. John Hankin's one-act comedy, *The Constant Lover*. This is genuine Edwardiana, though the sentiment has an edge that was rare in 1908. The spirit of the years is lodged in the throat of the cuckoo that echoes the young man's trifling. Olga Edwardes is delightful as the young woman. Mr. Wheatley too jaunty a Strephon. The pink-ribboned boater that he keeps tilting in different directions seems to exhilarate him more than his company.
J. N. B. R.

Geoffrey Clarke and Peter Potworowski, at Gimpels

As in the parable, the important thing about talents is to what end they are used. Yet nowadays there is a tendency to assume that so long as an artist proves he has talent, that is all that matters. Geoffrey Clarke is a case in point. His aquatints, stained glass and iron sculpture reveal that, although he may well deserve his present success, it is a touch-and-go question whether he will ever produce any really significant work. I do not wish to carp. His striking recurring figures with their fire-iron bodies, their captured spaces, their projecting rods which end in lips, eyes, breasts, hands, are undoubtedly the products of an intense and consistent imagination. They are original and visually stimulating. But if (as I'm sure Clarke intends), these works are to be more than a series of stark sensations, if their religious, semi-mystical symbolism is to affect our consciousness as well as our senses, then the context of the experience from which they derive becomes supremely important. And it is here that they are so weak. First, because this context is extremely obscure, secondly, because it oscillates between a desperate, catacomb conception of art and an incompatible degree of sophistication, and thirdly because, lacking all sensuous roots, it often becomes puritanically sentimental. The reason why I believe there is a chance Clarke may be able to broaden his attitude and so overcome these severe limitations, is that all his work in each medium is interrelated; he knows what he wants. The paintings of Peter Potworowski seem by contrast with Clarke's black, violent iron work, to be very quiet; yet they deserve prolonged study. At first sight their attractive, silken stains of colour may appear rather facile; in fact, one realises after a while that most of them are very well organised and that they are based on a fine observation of the way in which atmospheric space depends on objects not only possessing but *emanating* colour. The green garden, the river and the paintings of boats separating sea from sky, are all pictures worth possessing. J. B.

Fifty Years of Dutch Painting, at the Redfern

This exhibition, ranging from Van Gogh to the contemporary, calligraphic, non-geometric abstract painters, is a disappointment. Many of the most important artists are poorly represented, while the works of the young, lesser-known ones, are depressing: depressing because, if fair examples, they suggest that the influence of Paris is making Dutch painting imitative and therefore provincial—there being nothing more provincial than producing pastiches of what is done in the distant capital. A magnificent and fairly early drawing by Van Gogh emphasises this lesson. In a sense no drawing could be more parochial: a view of some backyards and sheds with a small child in a pinafore, its interest is passionately local and particular. Yet it is this very passion and its completely unpretentious concern with making the muscular, jabby lines work in the elementary but subtle way, which actually make it inexhaustible. Perhaps, indeed, one should avoid drawing hasty conclusions from the present show by remembering that neither this nor any other work by Van Gogh would have been included in a similarly fashionable selection sixty years ago. J. B.

Correspondence

REARMAMENT EAST AND WEST

SIR,—May I intrude on your space in order to comment on a matter about which current rearmament propaganda seems to be creating a good deal of confusion? This propaganda has had considerable success, apparently, in spreading the conviction that the West is reluctantly taking part in an arms race as follower and not leader, out of fear rather than of malice; that rearmament by the U.S. and her satellites is (as Mr. Crankshaw recently put it) "a belated response to a long-standing challenge." If we are to keep our heads in this cold-war world, I suggest that we ought to stop and consider whether the facts, when soberly viewed, bear out this interpretation.

A year ago the E.C.E. *Economic Survey of Europe* in 1950 presented some calculations of comparative armament expenditure in various countries; these expenditures being expressed in terms of wage-units (i.e. in man-years of industrial labour which the expenditures would purchase in the various countries). This is, of course, only one way of reducing money totals to comparable terms; but it has a good deal to recommend it as a method, and any bias it may have does not seem to be in the direction of underestimating the comparative size of Soviet armament production. The result of this comparison was to show that, expressed in this way, the U.S.S.R. was in 1951 spending *per capita* of population between one-half and five-eighths of the equivalent amount spent in this country and about two-thirds of the equivalent amount being spent in the U.S.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that these estimates should have been received with little pleasure in some quarters. At any rate little notice was taken of them by the press. This year when the new E.C.E. *Survey* for 1951 was about to appear, the advance press summaries made much of its calculation of Soviet rearmament in "real" terms as having made giant strides over pre-war. Some may have wondered whether the calculations of the previous *Survey* had been revised or even repudiated. When, however, one looks into the actual figures of the latest *Survey* one finds no essential contradiction of the results I have cited in the previous paragraph, and the general picture is substantially different from that conveyed by the press summaries. It is true that a calculation of the real value of Soviet defence expenditure

THE FILM OF THE YEAR
FROM THE SCREEN PLAY BY
JOHN STEINBECK
VIVA ZAPATA!
NOT YET PUBLISHED AS A BOOK
STARRING
MARLON BRANDO
AND
JEAN PETERS
PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK
DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN
20 CENTURY-FOX
NOW SHOWING
at the ODEON Marble Arch!

MANOR HOUSE
HOTEL
MORETONHAMPSTEAD
DEVON
On the fringe of Dartmoor, golf, fishing, tennis within the grounds, also squash and badminton.
Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.
HOTELS EXECUTIVE LONDON W.1

Exhibition of
CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE
R.I.B.A. 66, Portland Place, W.1.
March 24-April 30 (closed April 11-15 inc)
Monday to Friday 10-7 Saturdays 10-5
Admission Free

(arrived at by deflating money totals by an admittedly rough-and-ready price-index for investment goods) shows this quantity to be greater than pre-war (and several times greater than in the pre-Munich era); and the Editors of the *Survey* are careful to underline this fact. That this should be so, however, is hardly surprising, since the military arts made spectacular progress during the Second World War and defence became, unfortunately, a much more costly business for all countries. What is significant, if the situation is to be viewed in proper perspective, is that: (1) Not until 1951 did Soviet defence expenditure show any substantial increase over pre-1941, and up to and including 1949 the calculations of the latest *Survey* show it as *falling* in real terms. (2) As a ratio to gross investment Soviet defence expenditure has shown none of the dramatic switch-over in favour of rearmament which occurred between 1938 and 1939: up to and including 1950 this ratio was only a little higher than it was pre-Munich (69.5 per cent against 58.3 in 1937), and even in 1951 has only risen to 77.5. (3) By any reasonable standard of comparison, Soviet defence expenditure for the current year remains, apparently, smaller *per capita* than that of this country, and very much smaller, both absolutely and *per capita*, than that of the U.S.A.

In this latter connection, the translation of rouble-figures into sterling-equivalents recently presented to us by Mr. Crankshaw in the *Observer* cannot be taken by any knowledgeable person as reasonable. Conversion-factors of this kind cannot be based (least of all in the present state of the world) on official rates of exchange, as any first-year economics student should know: if they are to have any meaning at all they must be based on an estimate of comparative real value or purchasing power. I believe I am right in saying that members of the recent Quaker delegation estimated the buying-power of the rouble at approximately sixpence. This would give a conversion-rate of 40 to the £, and would make the Soviet *per capita* figure for 1952 a half that for this country. If we were to take a conversion-rate of 20, instead of 40, to the £ (on the ground that the price of capital goods is a more relevant index in this context than consumption goods prices, and that the former seem to have remained fairly constant compared with pre-war), Soviet expenditure figures even then would come out at little more than a half of Mr. Crankshaw's: namely, substantially lower than his figures for the U.S. in the years which he mentions, and for 1952 little more than *a third* of the American level for this year.

Perhaps one should add, in conclusion, that the statement loosely made by some about the Soviet defence estimates not exhausting the total of military expenditures (direct and indirect) does not seriously affect this comparison, since the same is true of the defence estimates of other countries (as is noted, parenthetically, by the E.C.E. *Survey*, p. 142, footnote 2). There is no reason, so far as I am aware, to suppose that these "other expenditures" are any greater proportionately in the U.S.S.R. than elsewhere.

MAURICE DOBB

Cambridge.

LEGAL AID

SIR,—In the debate in the House of Lords on the Legal Aid and Advice Act, 1949, on March 20, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, deplored the giving of legal aid on the present scale to prisoners at quarter sessions and assizes. He adduced as one of the arguments against the granting of such aid the fact that: "In many cases, the only object in granting counsel is that a great many more prisoners plead guilty, on the advice of their counsel, than would otherwise do so, with the result that we can get the assizes finished far more quickly." (*Hansard*, Vol. 175, No. 39, Col. 877.)

Apparently Lord Goddard's only objection to this practice lies in the expense to the public as he continues immediately: "But do not think that prisoners are the least grateful for the assistance of counsel, because, in my experience in the Court of Criminal Appeal, no Monday goes by without our having at least half a dozen cases in which the grounds of appeal are that: 'My counsel would not do anything I told him to. 'He would not ask the questions I wanted him to'; or 'He did not understand the case'; or 'He made me plead guilty when I was entirely innocent.' All that man does is to make an attack upon his counsel."

Your readers may not be aware that the distribution of "legal aid" briefs is in the discretion of the Clerk of the Court. These briefs carry a fee of three or four guineas and are usually given to the younger and more briefless members of the Bar so that they may gain experience. In many cases a few guineas from "legal aids" are all that a young barrister frequenting the criminal courts will earn.

As one who has been in this position I well recall returning to court after the brief conference below ground in the cells with the prisoner to be asked by colleagues: "Is he going to 'plead'?" (i.e., plead guilty) and on my replying in the negative being told, "You won't get many 'legal aids' if you can't get your chaps to plead!" I had discounted this as being merely a piece of professional cynicism and was astonished to see it referred to by Lord Goddard as an accepted practice.

LAWYER

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—It is not easy to answer Mr. Alastair Thompson's question concerning the deterrents one would substitute for corporal punishment, but I will try to accede first to his request to be told more about "these schools which have abolished corporal punishment." He gives a picture of schools where children are always liable to truant or steal or lie or bully or cheek their teachers, and are only prevented from doing so by the cane in the background. He must also try to envisage schools—and there are many of them, often in old buildings, overcrowded, in very tough neighbourhoods—where children go readily to school because they have found it to be a good place to go to, where they attend to their lessons and respect their teachers, and each other, and school property, because of the atmosphere of mutual respect on which the school is founded, and where work is graded to the needs and abilities of the children so it gives satisfaction which does not have to be sought in anti-social activities. In such schools serious misbehaviour is unusual; when it occurs it can be dealt with with severity if need be, but certainly with understanding. One cannot say what punishment to mete out to a bully unless one knows the boy who bullies, and something of the circumstances which make him bully. The aim is not only to stop his bullying, though this is important and must be done, but to help him to become a person who does not want to bully, even though there is no master with a cane as a deterrent. The means by which this is attempted must depend on a number of factors, not least among them the skill and insight of the teacher. That is why there is no snap answer to Mr. Thompson's question.

ELSA H. WALTERS

Froebel Training College for Teachers, S.W.15.

SIR,—Mrs. Edith Lloyd suggests (1) "in individual cases (of unruliness) remove the pupil." Where to? No primary or secondary modern head has any answer to this question. (2) "The influence and understanding of the teacher are best exercised when he (or she) is a parent." There is something in this as a statement; but what use is it as a cure? Is it suggested that only teachers who are parents should be employed, or that teachers who are not parents should hurry up and become parents? (3) "Give teachers a fair chance by giving them manageable numbers." Every head wants to do this, but no head can do much about it. Without a large increase in the total number of teachers, or a large reduction of the school population, or a large change in the general system of school arrangements, classes must remain much too large. Yet Mrs. Lloyd wants the abolition of corporal punishment now, not at some unknown future time.

Mr. Thompson can claim that if Mrs. Lloyd is right corporal punishment is inevitable at present because her alternatives are unworkable. But many other countries scorn corporal punishment in State schools.

H. W. HECKSTALL-SMITH

Foxhole, Dartington, Totnes.

MALAYAN REPRISALS

SIR,—General Templer's action in taking reprisals—the chief of which is starvation or near-starvation—against a community for non-collaboration has been generally approved by the press. It is "courageous."

When the Nazis took reprisals, during the war, for non-collaboration, their action was "atrocity." It is true that the Nazis generally selected victims for a firing squad. General Templer's victims will come from the very young, the old, and the sick, and they may die from lack of the food that he deliberately denies them.

Circumstances, no doubt (as always) alter cases. The "Patriot" of yesterday becomes the "Bandit" of to-day. It depends on whose side he is fighting. An action is either "courageous" or "an atrocity." It depends who does it.

J. B. BROWN

26 Notham Road, Oxford.

GREEK TRIALS

SIR,—After nearly five years in a Greek prison, my husband, Tony Ambatielos, and his nine trade union colleagues, are to be re-tried on May 16.

Your readers will recall that these ten trade unionists were saved from execution in 1948 by the appeals made by Labour Members of Parliament and many Labour, trade union and co-operative organisations. Both the T.U.C. and C.O.M.I.S.C.O. have since then demanded the release of all political prisoners and exiles in Greece and the granting of a general amnesty.

Although the fact that the Greek authorities have ordered re-trials is, in some measure, an admission that the military courts did not judge impartially, in the majority of cases the re-trials again take place before a military court. In the few cases which have come before civil courts there has been a greater degree of justice. I know of one case of a man, who would have been executed three years ago had it not been for British protests, who was acquitted and released following a re-trial by a civil court.

As a woman who has struggled so long to save her husband and his colleagues, I beg your readers to urge the Greek authorities to give these ten trade unionists a fair trial before a civil court, and to transfer them from their island prisons to Athens

GERM WAR?

Read this book

Germ warfare is in the news. Every New Statesman reader who wants to get at the truth should read the damning proof that Japan (now U.S. occupied) manufactured and used bacteria against the Chinese in the late war. Photostat copies and verbatim statements show how they did it. Read the proof for only 1/6 (or 2/- by post) in the 535 pages of

THE TRIAL OF JAPANESE SERVICEMEN

Issued by the Soviet Union and distributed in Britain by Collet's Bookshops, 66, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. 67, Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. 193, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. 36, Deansgate, Manchester. 62, Carr Lane, Hull.

To Collet's Bookshop (any of above addresses)
I enclose.....for.....copies of THE TRIAL
NAME .....
ADDRESS.....
.....

immediately so as to give them adequate time to prepare their defence with their lawyers.

BETTY AMBATIELOS

THE WEST RIDING

SIR,—I am thinking of organising a society for the painless extermination of journalists who write patronisingly about the West Riding. I wonder if any of your Northern readers would be interested. Our chief aim would be to track down those writers who, like Mr. Braine,

(a) coyly scramble the place-names, e.g., Blackerford, Ripley Glen, Bruddersford, Halifield, etc., etc.;

(b) speak of our elders as if they were all flat-footed, inarticulate simpletons with no dress-sense and a mysterious veneer of dignity grained with humility;

(c) give the impression that all the younger people are Courting and living only for the day when they can refer to one another as Father and Mother, and that they wear nothing but check sports-jackets and dowdy rayon dresses.

I suggest that when caught such writers be subjected to a form of Inquisition:

What exactly are "those strange Blackerford shades which never show dirt but never look clean?"

How the devil can one "tell at a glance" what a young couple will call each other when they are married?

What makes you think everyone in these places works in the mills?

How can you be so sure your own clothes aren't out of date?

If you can, where do you get the money from?

These questions could be put by Mr. Wilfred Pickles before a massed audience of "lads and lasses" in the Blackerford Mechanics Institute. If his answers are satisfactory, the writer can then be taken on a conducted purgative tour of the district and shown that the people here are just as varied as elsewhere, that all is not dull dignity and "benign happiness," that we have our brawls and booze-ups, our broken families, our perversities, our murders, our Beau Nashes and our moments of unreserved joy. He could be shown that, contrary to one of our deceptive sayings, "folks is people" and that we frequently have more on our minds than mills and Wakes weeks. He could be shown, perhaps, that there are up here more significant instances of encroaching modernity than the neon lights of a cinema and re-bop in the Institute. We too have our housing shortage and our dread of another war.

If, on the other hand, he fails to pass the Inquisition, I recommend that he be humanely drugged with a surfeit of Yorkshire pudding and Miss Bentley's novels, and, on a dark night, cast down from the heights of Botley Chevin.

E. W. HILDICK

THE ARTS COUNCIL

SIR,—It is significant that in his comment on my article about the Arts Council, Mr. W. E. Williams opens by accusing me of misrepresentation, and in the very same paragraph attributes to me a statement regarding tours in "theatreless towns" which I had not made. The reference to these towns is made by himself in an article only one month old:

> ". . . . . the condition of the theatre outside the West End shows little prospect of recovery or survival . . . . If it is to retain any hold upon the interest and support of the provincial public it must build itself up again in a few . . . . strong points. The sentimentalists, wrong as always, want to set off on *the vain mission of bringing good drama to the theatreless towns* . . . ." (My italics, T. R.)

Could he have admitted more explicitly the charge incorrectly levelled against me?

He is unhappy because I failed to disclose my connection with the L.P.O. If I hid my only light under a bushel it was because, writing as an individual, I did not wish to prejudice the issue. I am prepared to express my gratitude to the Arts Council for resisting the change of L.C.C. policy vis-à-vis the L.P.O., but am surprised to find Mr. Williams taking credit for maintaining the Arts Council grant to the L.P.O. at its current figure when the L.C.C. failed to do so. On what grounds could the Arts Council have considered doing otherwise?

Finally, he recommends that my proper course would be to reserve my brickbats for the Treasury. Here he demonstrates his failure to understand what is frustrating so many cultural workers. For us, the Arts Council is the granting authority. As such, we look to it to fight our battles vigorously and intrepidly. It is not enough for Mr. Williams to defend the Treasury case, or to leave it undefended against its critics. He must lead the attack for increased Treasury grants. We shall be solidly behind him, knowing that if the attack fails appreciation of the arts will be neither raised nor spread.

THOMAS RUSSELL

CRISIS IN REPERTORY

SIR,—John Osborne's letter on Repertory Crisis makes an unqualified attack on Repertory managements in general without suggesting what he expects from the provincial company. Admittedly the average repertory company is fulfilling the needs of an average music hall or cinema audience. They have in most cases taken the place of the number 2 touring companies which, until the advent of the "talkie," were the only type of legitimate entertainment seen in the smaller towns. Since 1930 over 400 theatres have changed over to "canned" entertainment, and Little Theatres now carry on some form of tattered tradition in place of the touring system. That the standard is far from good, few will deny, but what does Mr. Osborne expect? Does he visualise each provincial town opening a Civic Theatre, subsidised by the Arts Council with a Stratford-on-Avon standard of acting? Who is going to pay for all this, and what is more important, who is going to support it? Not your average provincial audience: Actors would starve if they depended upon the cultural support of the average provincial audience. Education may change all this, but at the moment most towns are getting the theatre they deserve. Equity's failure to come to any agreement over the problem of entry is indeed lamentable, especially as scores of members are suffering acute hardship through unemployment. But unless the executive are given wider powers to prevent the employment of amateurs and pin-money professionals (largely employed by the B.B.C.) the whole façade of theatrical trade unionism is in danger of becoming meaningless. Dame Sybil Thorndike once suggested that the theatre has become too respectable. A little complacent, too, it seems.

Sunderland. MICHAEL WARWICK

EMILY BRONTË'S POEMS

SIR,—The only poems of Emily Brontë published during her lifetime are those in the volume of *Poems by Ellis, Acton and Currer Bell*. Emily died in 1847, and in 1850 a number of other hitherto unpublished poems were included in an edition of *Wuthering Heights* and *Literary Remains*, prepared by Charlotte. It is these poems that were freely amended by Charlotte, and that have been constantly reprinted from her text and not from Emily's manuscript note-book.

As to the second point raised by J. F. Hewish, I see no reason why we must bow to the jargon of the Jungians in using a phrase like "racial memory" where from the context the meaning is clearly a non-technical one. In that case, the word *self* would become strangely altered from its ordinary current usage, to mention only the most obvious example. The third point I do not feel it necessary to answer, since the truth of my statement—that few women have written poems that would be memorable but for the fact that their authors were women—is self-evident. Emily Brontë is a notable exception.

KATHLEEN RAINE

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN

SIR,—I am writing a biography of Angelica Kauffman, the eighteenth-century painter, and I should be interested to hear of any correspondence, bills, or other records concerning her which still remain in private hands. Any papers entrusted to me will, of course, be given the greatest care and promptly returned.

ADELINE HARTCUP

3 Elm Tree Road,
St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

Books in General

SOUTHEY'S *Letters from England** is one of the curiosities of the early literature of tourism. It was written in the first decade of the 19th century when travelling in England for pleasure had become possible—it had begun with the improvement in the roads two generations before—and when the taste for the picturesque was strong. Southey continued the tradition that dated from Defoe's *Tour*, and the journeys in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*; though in using the satirical device of the foreign visitor—Southey's traveller was a firm Spanish Catholic—the book had the chance of being another *Citizen of the World* or another *Lettres Persanes*. With these works it cannot be compared. Southey had his opinions and information, but he was no satirist. He could conceive respectability but not innocence. The *Letters* are a mild miscellany of accurate impressions and the product of an agreeable but rather literal and industrious mind. His account of the English universities, for example, is documentary. As he was young when he wrote this book it has freshness, and the picture we get of the England of 1805 is valuable and vivid in its living detail; but what we know of his subsequent life as a prolific and successful literary personage, gives a pathos to this early work. Southey had the infinite capacity for taking pains, but zest took the place of genius; and upon his talent there lies the discreet gleam of eager, anxious and limited natures who seem to have turned to literature in order to feel socially secure and presentable. He succeeded in his two ambitions: happy family life and respectable eminence. Literature, for him, was something habitable. He wanted to be a model author and he was certainly a good and honourable man of uncommon generosity. But the appetite for responsibility and soundness, drove him to overwork. In the end he went mad. Is there more than meets the eye in his statement that he gave up poetry for prose because he found poetry too disturbing? If *his* poetry could do that to him, he must have been very odd. Was it, perhaps, the habit of overwork that kept this anxious son of an unsuccessful linen-draper sane?

Mr. Simmons's excellent edition of the *Letters* is the first to appear since 1814. They have been much used by historians and are worth reprinting for the idle reader. Southey had just spent more than a year in Spain and Portugal and he used more ingenuity than was really necessary in putting his narrative into the mouth of a Spanish Catholic. This gentleman is unnecessarily well-drawn for, from the reader's point of view, he is a mere mystery and conundrum. The curious thing is that Southey had been converted in Portugal to passionate hatred of the Roman Catholic church; why was he at such pains to assume the Roman Catholic point of view? I think Southey, like many men who are bent on moderation at all costs, enjoyed intrigue with his own convictions and, as a writer, liked to paralyse the extremism that was buried in his nature. (He, in fact, strongly opposed Catholic emancipation.) He was fascinated by the comedies and fads of religious faith because at the time of the French revolution he, too, had been fanatical and exorbitant.

As Mr. Simmons says the *Letters* are too well-written to pass as concocted translations. His prose is light, supple, fluent, clear and perfectly adapted to the movement of travel and informative observation. He is never tedious; one can complain only that he is unadventurous. He certainly speaks out about the horrible conditions of life of the industrial poor; he has his go at the "wicked pride" of Pitt; he is a tender spirit who loathes horseplay, brutality and cruelty; and he can never leave a religious sect alone. But we pick our way through this industrious compilation looking rather for the human instance than for opinion, for the anecdote, the scene at the inn, the landscape. He has the gift of putting down people in movement: the coachman waiting for the stroke of the Minster bell in York before he cracks his whip, the children jeering at an old man, the innkeeper diddling him on the turnpike, people pushing for the window seat on the coaches, the accident on the road and the men shovelling snow off the London roofs. He takes up the cause of the chimney-sweeper children but he catches them unexpectedly in their Saturnalia:

> Yesterday I was amused by the spectacle which you will think better adapted to wild African negroes than to so refined a people as the English. Three or four boys of different ages were dancing in the street; their clothes seemed as if they had been dragged through the chimneys, as indeed had been the case, and these sooty habiliments were bedecked with pieces of foil, and with ribbons of all gay colours, flying like streamers in every direction as they whisked round. Their sooty faces were reddened with rose-pink, and in the middle of each cheek was a patch of gold-leaf, the hair was frizzed out, and as white as powder could make it, and they wore an old hat cocked for the occasion, and in like manner ornamented with ribbons, and foil, and flowers. In this array were they dancing through the streets, clapping a wooden plate, frightening the horses by their noise, and still more by their strange appearance, and soliciting money from all whom they met.

It is a tiny detail—but how that phrase about frightening the horses connects static description with life. At its best, Southey's prose has this easy power of disengagement and connection, so that even in the descriptions of landscape, the scene is caught as it changes under the eye, is held on some detail, and then released once more until the new sight is picked up. The description of the Lake Country has been greatly praised for this agreeable mixing of simple topography and impression, but his scenery is always good. There sticks in my mind that brief picture of an island in the fens with its four enormous willows at the end of it—"planted no doubt by a gentleman of taste." And noted by one: the conjunction is very English in its feeling for the countryside. Southey's prose is not closely written, majestic or rich; it means no more than it says. He aims at transparency so that we might be looking through the clear water to the brown pebbles of a lively northern beck. It is the prose of a mild, critical mind and occasionally Southey's triteness has its own irony. The feebleness of our reactions when we are sight-seeing, for example, is neatly caught in a sentence on climbing the tower to see the great bell in Lincoln Cathedral, and it comes in very well as an anti-climax to the excellent description of the approach across the fens to the city.

> At first (says Southey) it disappointed me, but the disappointment wore off and we became satisfied that it was as great a thing as it was said to be.

An extract from the very liturgy of tourism.

Southey took pains to crowd his narrative. The moans of the Napoleonic wars have a contemporary echo; the small gentry and the professional classes are being ruined; a government that employs snoopers is undermining morality, high prices and taxes are killing the best; who can afford to educate his children?—this was to be Southey's lasting cry: he was to have seven of his own and there were the Coleridges to support as well; he liked the martyrdom of responsibility. The picturesque side makes up for this. We hear that glass windows for shops have come in, that the art of window-dressing has begun. In one shop he sees a sturgeon two yards long; next door a chemist displays bottles of intestinal worms with the name and address of the one-time host and the infallible cure. In Birmingham the people smell of train oil and emery. In Manchester he sees the children at the looms and hears a manufacturer congratulating himself on his humanity in employing them. Commerce has enchanted this island—the Spanish traveller reflects—as surely as Don Quixote was enchanted. Recklessly, Southey puts down the eating of fish liver as the cause of leprosy in Cornwall; continually he reproaches the English for cramming their homes with gadgets and furniture—the houses burn faster in consequence when there are fires—for pride, ostentation, brutality, moroseness, credulity and permitting the marriage of the clergy.

And cranks abound. Among these are one or two exquisite faith-healers and animal magnetists—full account of animal magnetism follows—who did well out of their clientele. One successfully got a patient "guided" to send him a pair of breeches. And there is above all the superb Dr. Graham "who tampered with electricity in a manner too infamous to be reported." Southey is as prim as an encyclopædia, but the excellent Mr. Simmons discovers that the infamy was a "celestial bed." Hired at a charge of £50 it would cure impotence. Dr. Graham also invented the mould cure. The patient was put up to his chin in earth and the doctor would sit in it himself to encourage his patients. One day a passer-by sprinkled him with a watering can. The brilliant doctor had really invented the mud bath!

> When I saw him he was sitting up to the neck in a bath of warm mud, with his hair powdered and in full dress. As he was haranguing us on the excellent state of health which he enjoyed from the practice of earth bathing as he called it, I asked him, Why if there was nothing the matter with him he sat in the mud? The question puzzled him. Why, he said—why—it was—it was to show people that it did no harm—that it was quite innocent—that it was very agreeable; and then brightening his countenance with a smile at

* *Letters from England.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY. Edited with an Introduction by JACK SIMMONS. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book which is arousing immense interest is eminently readable because it concerns everybody, and because a doctor writes what few doctors dare say frankly in public. How much health can a nation afford? This may sound paradoxical, but it is not, and the country is faced by a problem with no easy or single solution. Dr. Roberts's diagnosis is wise and sympathetic, and is revealed to the profession and to the layman with a wealth of fascinating data.

THE COST OF HEALTH

FFRANGCON ROBERTS M.D.

FROM ANY BOOKSELLER 16s.

Tremendous reception in the national press within a week of publication:

THE TIMES 27 March paid the rare compliment of devoting its first leader to what it called "Dr. Roberts's provocative book" and discussed the problems raised by it.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 26 March. A similarly important first leader on the book.

3 col. review DAILY TELEGRAPH: "In the light of the alarm at the continual increase in the national drug bill 'The Cost of Health,' which is published today, must be described as timely. So indeed it is; but it is so much more as to make the word seem almost impertinent. With wide erudition, always controlled by reason and refreshing good sense, without passion, prejudice and—above all—without cant, Dr. Roberts advances a thesis which must command the attention, if not the agreement, of all educated people."

Leading review YORKSHIRE POST.

Main features, Chapman Pincher, DAILY EXPRESS, Dr. Stephen Taylor, NEWS CHRONICLE, DAILY MAIL, GRAPHIC, EVENING STANDARD, EVENING NEWS, etc.

SUNDAY TIMES, George Schwartz: "I do not merely recommend, I enjoin you to read it."

THE LISTENER first review, 27 March: "Critics are a necessary nuisance, whether they be of the harmless variety or of the sterner kind that pass judgment on the actions of their fellow men. Dr. Ffrangcon Roberts belongs to the latter species and in criticising the new Health Service he is discharging a useful and dangerous task. It is dangerous because those who strip from popular movements their sentimental and emotional accretions run the risk of being considered callous. This is a disturbing and interesting book, written without political and, so far as this is possible, without medical bias.

Leaders in THE LANCET, THE PRACTITIONER and BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL which says "All doctors ought to read this stimulating and provocative book."

PUBLISHED BY TURNSTILE PRESS 10 *GT. TURNSTILE, W.C.1*

the happiness of the thought, he added "It gives me a skin as soft as the feathers of Venus's dove."

The farseeing Dr. Graham became "wholly an enthusiast" in the end, maddened himself with ether and gave his clothes away in the street.

The *Letters* make a long book, but one can see why the historians have not disdained to dip in it. Southey had his helpers and correspondents; he was a mass-observer before his time, a collector of miscellany. His England was a cross-grained place but Southey was well on his way to the conviction that it was better suited to the profession of authorship than were the banks of the Susquehanna.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE EXILE

So, blinded with Love
He tried to blunder
Out of that field
Of floods and thunder.

The frontiers were closed.
At every gate
The sworded pitiless
Angels wait.

There's no retreat.
The path mounts higher
And every summit
Fringed with fire.

The night is blind,
Dark winds, dark rains:
But now his blood
Pours through his veins.

His hammer heart
Thuds in his breast
"What Love devises,
That is best."

And he would not turn,
Though the further side
Dowered his days
With fame and pride.

What though his feet
Are hurt and bare?
Love walks with him
In the menacing air.

The frontiers sealed,
His foot on the stone,
And low in the east
The gash of dawn.

GEORGE M. BROWN

ADOPTED CHILD

'This' they say 'is what we could not have.
How strange for other lovers to impart
A meeting thus. And separate from the love
Barren between us, this child grows to move
Almost against the turning of our heart.'

'Our failure thus shall walk about our son,
Learn to speak dutifully to his parents
Who know him their escape, whose love moves on
To gesture at so tender a pretence
And make a home in others' innocence.'

But love is inward still, however they
Walk in the child and make him weather all
The tenderness that neither could fulfil,
And never 'This is you' will either say
Passing a passion to the child to seal
Their lack, but watch a stranger ignorantly.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

THE REAL MIXER

Chiaroscuro: Fragments of Autobiography. By AUGUSTUS JOHN. *Cape*. 30*s*.

This enjoyable book is no more strictly a book than a saucer of anchovies washed down with pastis is dinner. Much of it is jottings or gossip column and yet it is also an instructive historical document, its value as such being actually enhanced by its daring disregard of chronology; how many autobiographies must have been falsified or killed by their tight chronological corsets. And why should one write one's life in a way one has never lived it? Especially if one is Mr. John. For decades a walking (or rather a strapping) legend, he has all the courage—and consistency—of his inconsequence; a professed anarchist, it is a positive act when he loses his wallet or his thread. Such a character and such a rhythm are often frowned on to-day, though Mr. John has some gifted successors from his own and other Celtic regions to continue the fight against soulless and fleshless uniformity. And he is, in the best sense of the word, a mixer—hobnobbing with anyone he likes, be it a gypsy or countess, and evading the people who bore him but always remaining himself, not mixing so much as to merge. This is an honest book; his likes and dislikes are not minced and the malice, which is one of its charms, is the warm-blooded kind, not acidulous.

Chiaroscuro at its best has the flavour of the less speculative parts of Yeats's *Autobiographies* and *Dramatis Personæ*. Yeats and John, though so different in their characters and their work, are united not only by period (both grew up in the Wilde age) but by their flamboyance, their toughness and their ever-young curiosity. And Yeats's remark, "Who does not distrust complete ideas?" might have made a good caption for this book. These similarities are reflected even in the details of their writing, though John's prose rarely extends very far beyond the sentence, while Yeats would never have lapsed into such old-fashioned journalese as "without neglecting the lubricative medium of liquor." But compare them when remembering childhood. Yeats:

> There was a little boy I was kind to because I knew his father had done something disgraceful though I did not know what. It was years before I discovered that his father was but the maker of certain popular statues, many of which are now in public places.

John:

> And so taking my father as a model, I watched him carefully, imitating his tricks as closely as I could, but in reverse. By this method I sought to protect myself from the intrusions of the uninvited dead.

Or in the vein of I-told-you-so cattiness. Yeats:

> "'Moore, if you ever get a style,' I would say, 'it will ruin you. It is coloured glass and you need a plate-glass window.'"

John:

> But eventually, betraying both himself and me, he transferred his energies to the problems of sanitary engineering; he went, so to speak, "down the drain," in fact, and as far as I know, has never emerged from it.

There is the same sly simplicity combined with an old-world manner, a not too blatantly measured and mellow delivery. Elsewhere we find them alike in their coyness, naivety, snobbery and endearing concern with trivia. Neither Yeats nor John could have lived in Plato's Republic. They are none the worse for that.

For an artist, John in this book is not particularly illuminating either on art or on places or people's appearances. Where he is lively is on people, including himself. There is a warm and admiring portrait of his artist sister Gwen. There is the rich comedy of his pursuit by Madame Frieda Strindberg, a drama which gains from its serialisation; she pops in and out of these pages like a character in a picaresque novel. There are artists—Whistler, Wilson Steer, Tonks, Conder, Modigliani — and sitters — Montague Norman, "Monty," Colonel Lawrence, Hirohito, Shaw. Hordes of individuals glittering with jewels—or sweat. Sometimes, as in Venice, the *motif* is "I wish Ronald Firbank could have been with us," but at least half the time Firbank would have been out of it. John can talk cosmopolitan in the Hotel Adlon in Berlin but he also can cut across frontiers by talking *romani*. And his comments on people are shrewd, as on Rupert Brooke—"a delightful fellow, I thought, but perhaps none the better for a too roseate environment," or on Wyndham Lewis who in Montparnasse "played the part of an incarnate Loki, bearing the news and sowing discord with it."

One comment here on artists is sound:

> The *sans-gêne* and promptitude with which many painters, on arriving at an entirely new and unfamiliar place, settle down to work at once, never fails to astonish me: it seems indecent, like buttonholing a complete stranger.

Link this with one of John's very few generalisations—"The communication of truth is atmospheric as well as factual"—and you get near the author's secret. We are probably in for a puritan and punctual age where everyone, artists included, must "settle down to work at once," but in art, let us remember, that may mean not settling down at all; an artist is more like a pregnant woman than like a journalist; sitting about is part of his work—you can call it idleness or you can call it gestation. And the same goes for self-indulgence, which is the biggest question raised by this book. You can call it *mere* self-indulgence, but pregnant women, too, have their extravagant yet justifiable hankerings. To indulge oneself is sometimes to indulge an unborn work. Sometimes, not always, of course; it is not for outsiders to judge.

LOUIS MACNEICE

MEDICINE WITHOUT ETHICS

The Cost of Health. By FRANGCON ROBERTS. *Turnstile Press*. 16*s*.

The revolutionary expansion of medicine within the last decade or so has created new social and economic problems, the nature of which we are only now beginning to identify. The rate at which science has been penetrating medical diagnosis and treatment, even in the last five years, is astonishing when measured against the pace of development in knowledge and its application, since Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood in 1628. As Dr. Roberts sees it, medicine, in submitting itself to science, brings us face to face with the paradox of unlimited progress towards an unattainable objective, unlimited expansion against an inexpansile circumference. In acquiring this capacity for uncontrolled procreation, medicine becomes subject to the Malthusian law: the pressure which it is exerting against the means of subsistence, will, says Dr. Roberts, inevitably lower the standard of living for all. In this situation the question arises: how much health can we afford? Who should receive the benefits of cortisone, aureomycin and the newer antibiotics, the battery of diagnostic investigations and tests for controlling therapeutic processes and so forth? The number, variety and costs of these services have multiplied many times during the last few years. To these costs must be added the expanding costs that derive from the growth of specialisation; the economic security and even affluence achieved by some groups of doctors (at one London hospital with some 200 beds 64 part-time doctors receive, in addition to generous sessional fees, £11,000 a year in "travelling time" and £2,100 a year for mileage); the proliferation of medical auxiliaries and technicians (the latest example being the creation of an Institute of V.D. Technicians); and the increasing incursion of commerce into medicine (even to the extent of manufacturing chemists offering preferential allotment of new issues of debenture stock to members of the medical profession); all these expansionist forces, with their vices as well as their virtues fixed to the idea of progress, are adding to the cost of medical care.

Dr. Roberts, assuming the role of the Malthus of medicine, holds out little hope of any sane control of these irrational forces and makes no practical suggestions. Nor does he see any end

A New Book by **E. H. CARR**

German-Soviet Relations

BETWEEN THE TWO WORLD WARS 1919-1939

18*s. net*

In 1919 Germany and Russia, the one defeated, the other torn by revolution, turned distrustfully to each other in an effort to regain in the councils of Europe the position denied to them by the victorious allies. In this basic action Professor Carr finds the key to European history between the wars.

Even after the Nazi regime appeared to resurrect the ideological struggle against Communism, the German-Soviet Pact of 1939 reverted to this pattern of a German-Russian association against the West, and not till the 1941 invasion of Russia was this combination finally shattered. The possibility that it may arise again is a major contemporary problem.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Just Published

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

IN FULL COLOUR

25*s.* NET

Fifty masterpieces by the seven great French Impressionist painters MANET, MONET, SISLEY, PISSARRO, CEZANNE, DEGAS and RENOIR reproduced in the colours of the originals, with an Introduction by CLIVE BELL

THE PHAIDON PRESS

5 CROMWELL PLACE · LONDON SW7

READY TODAY

François Mauriac

THE LITTLE MISERY

Mauriac's first new novel since **A Woman of the Pharisees** appeared in 1945. **Gerard Hopkins** has prepared the English translation. 9*s. 6d. net*

Robert Penn Warren

THE CIRCUS IN THE ATTIC

Two short novels and ten stories by the author of such best sellers as **Night Rider, All the King's Men** and **World Enough and Time.** 15*s. net*

★

H. F. M. Prescott

THE MAN ON A DONKEY

"Magnificent reconstruction of the living past . . . carries the reader back to the sixteenth century as though it had been written by a subject of King Henry VIII."

THE TIMES LIT. SUP.

2 *volumes.* 25*s. net the set*

Neil Bell

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

"Neil Bell is an extremely competent novelist . . . **an impressive achievement.**"

JOHN CONNELL (*Evening News*)

"Fine work, worthy of thoughtful reading."

12*s. 6d. net* WESTERN MAIL

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE SOUL OF MARSHAL GILLES DE RAIZ

"Beautifully written by a man who knows his period; a period full of wars, both in England and France, but alive and creative." SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

18*s. net.* (*Illustrated London News*)

H. Maclear Bate

REPORT FROM FORMOSA

"An **informed** view of the island's **strategic importance** . . . some lively pen pictures of Chiang and his principal supporters.

16*s. net* BIRMINGHAM POST

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Coming 17th April

Mark Tellar

A YOUNG MAN'S PASSAGE

An intimate autobiography set in the late Victorian age. Painting a vivid picture of a departed London it tells the story of the author's loves with sympathy and candour.

18*s.*

Jack W. Sheridan

THUNDERCLAP

A brilliant new novel by the author of *Mamie Brandon*, containing a generous measure of excitement and suspense.

10*s. 6d.*

HOME AND VAN THAL
36 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1

REMEMBER AND BE GLAD

The Second Volume of

Cynthia Asquith's

Memories of people, places and moods is now published

16*s.*

All the wit, the intensity of appreciation, the informality that made her first volume *Haply I May Remember* such a brilliant success are here again in a series of vivid, unforgettable portraits of such diverse characters as A. J. Balfour, Lady Desborough, Winston Churchill, Charles Whibley, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb, Professor Walter Raleigh, D. H. Lawrence and H. G. Wells.

James Barrie .

to the geometrical acceleration of scientific progress in medicine. Here he fails to distinguish between advances in knowledge and their application and overlooks those fields where science has already cheapened the costs of medical care; for instance, in the reduction of demands on hospitals as a result of diphtheria immunisation. With little sense of history, he does not see that the first revolutionary phase of scientific penetration into any area of social life has nearly always been economically costly. Medical knowledge may continue to expand at the same rate as in the last few years, but it does not logically follow that in its application the costs must accelerate in like fashion and bring no countervailing benefits in sturdier bodies and healthier minds among future generations.

The timely arrival of the National Health Service on the British scene as this costly revolution in the application of medical science was fast getting under way, has provided a useful stick for those who dislike the Service and all its works. They forget that but for the Service countless families among practically all social groups would have been utterly broken by serious illness. In whatever else it has failed so far, it has at least prevented the ruin of these families. Dr. Roberts omits to put this into the balance, for he believes that we cannot afford to maintain the Service in any shape or form. By making available the benefits of science it is, he says, prolonging the life of the unfit and the socially useless; it is leading to "medicated survival" for all; it is giving patients dictatorial powers over doctors; it is making admission to hospital too popular and, because medical care is no longer a commodity to be bought and sold, it is allowing "many men earning £5 a week to drink two pints of beer a day."

One expects exuberance from Dr. Roberts and one finds it here. But what is disturbing is that in this book, by a distinguished member of the medical profession and a frequent contributor to the *British Medical Journal*, there is no spark of humanity. To Dr. Roberts, the problem of medicine in society is not a problem of ethics; it is a problem of productivity. The benefits of medical science must be reserved for those who are economically useful and then only for the treatment of diseases and disabilities which are immediately curable; the doctor must discriminate; medicine must show a profit. Therefore, the National Health Service, as a framework for ethical action, must go. Anyway, says Dr. Roberts, with a last vigorous kick on his last exuberant page, we cannot afford it so long as the nation indulges in strikes, restrictive practices and go-slow tactics. It is a pity that the good sense and forthrightness which the author employs when he is writing about his own profession should be associated with an interpretation of medicine as an instrument of economics and as a form of politics. This is a dangerous doctrine, as Dr. Roberts himself recognised in February, 1949, when he advised the readers of the *British Medical Journal* to uphold the faith "inspired not by the Blue Books but by the bedside, not by Sidney Webb but by Hippocrates, not by the London School of Economics but by the Island of Cos."

RICHARD M. TITMUSS

Ready April 7

A worthy successor to "Ill Met By Moonlight"

A War of Shadows

W. STANLEY MOSS

The author gives us his further exciting adventures as a secret service agent in the Balkans, Mediterranean area and the Far East. This is a highly entertaining book, especially because of the background it gives to countries and factions, which are so very much in the news today.

30 illustrations 12s.6d. net

Ready April 21

A fascinating book for those who would know them

Ireland and the Irish

CHARLES DUFF

This book is divided into two parts: the first sketches history, folklore and traditions, while the second is an informative supplement to conventional guide books, showing the stranger what to see and how to see it. The beautiful photographs with which this book is lavishly illustrated, fittingly supplement the textual descriptions of Ireland's lovely countryside.

44 illustrations 15s. net

BOARDMAN

HOMAGE TO ROBERT ROSS

Robert Ross: Friend of Friends. Edited by MARGERY ROSS. *Cape.* 30*s.*

There is no doubt that books are better with a subject; it may be just a frailty of the mind, but so it is. Here, through a maze of opportunity, one is condemned to wander like a lost soul, because that harmless necessary factor has been overlooked. Or misconceived, or carefully avoided—it is hard to tell. The raw material of interest is to hand in heaps, but the design perplexed me. The editor appears to start by throwing up the sponge. She says in her first paragraph of introduction:

> Robert Ross is remembered now chiefly as the friend of Oscar Wilde rather than as a man of standing in the literary and artistic life of London. If it had ever occurred to him that he would be remembered at all, this is certainly what he would have hoped for, and those who read the letters which follow will probably agree upon this point.

Which is detached indeed, for it amounts to unconditional surrender of the whole book. But then, why concentrate on his forgotten "standing"? Why all these letters from the eminent? Why not more letters of his own, more stress on character, which never loses its point? Well—evidently just because. Culture has been the guiding star of the selection; letters more personal in content have been left out, because "the balance would suffer," we are told, "if Robert Ross became a focus of personal interest." On top of that, there is a chronological arrangement; which means that hardly anyone can be a focus, even in a small way. Their contributions are not dense enough.

Yet all the same, it is a fascinating book in detail. I won't attempt a list of correspondents. Take almost anyone you please, in art or literature, from Beardsley to Sassoon—the chances are that he is represented. It may be only by a crumb or two; but when the writer is Max Beerbohm, for example, even crumbs are worth saving. I liked him best on the amenities of Bognor—"really rather pretty and nice, mild air and no sea to speak of and several quiet townbands playing furtively round the quaint old corners." For they are not, thank goodness, *all* discussing art and literature the whole time. There is a lot of Edmund Gosse, but nothing pleasanter than his ejaculation on a Welsh holiday: "We are very happy here; the air is beautiful, oh!—the beautiful wet air from the wet morasses round the wet, wet lake." The artists write good letters as a rule; and Henry Tonks—not the most brilliant of them, but endearing—takes the prize for Lit. Crit., with a remark on Gosse's *Father and Son*: "I feel sure as long as English is read the book will be occasionally rediscovered, and that is a happy fate for any book."

But one could go on quoting casually for ever. From time to time there is a special flurry, like the to-do about the Post-Impressionists in 1910: not quite a theme, but an increase in density. And there is Ross himself, produced so sparingly and so discreetly, but in what a cloud of unexceptionable and devoted witnesses! The volume is an outsize testimonial, and is as such decisive. Ross was the "friend of friends"; he was a man of great integrity and charm; and he had gifts which far exceeded his achievement. "The most lovable, the most generous, the most stimulating, the most sympathetic and the most suggestive man I have ever known"—that was how Lane the publishers described him. And there are other tributes to the same effect, and almost in the same words.

Still, he is not the focus of attention. Yet in the teeth of all designs, there must be one, since nature can't do without. And here it is the good old, obvious, eternal focus—it is Oscar Wilde.

Not that he occupies much space; but as compared with these few scraps of Wildeana, the surround is chit-chat. As, in a monument to Robert Ross, of course it should be. Ross's "heroic" period was from the downfall to the resurrection, and the resurrection was his own work. After Wilde's death in 1900, he set himself to raise a reputation which was dead and stinking. By 1908 it was alive and lifelike. And in this grand campaign of loyalty, no stroke excelled his launching of the *De Profundis* in 1905. It was intended to appease the righteous and, in fact, it did. But its importance for this book is that he sent it round—to friends, to strangers, to assorted clergymen, to a wide circle of the celebrated. And they wrote back; and here we find a small anthology of their opinions. For a find it is. What they all said becomes a little subject on its own, chockful of comedy and revelation. Each by itself, these *De Profundis* letters would be good value, but they are far more fascinating in conjunction. I should like to illustrate, to give a series of conflicting verdicts—what Kropotkin said, and Gosse, and Cunninghame Graham, and Maurice Hewlett, and the prison governor, and so forth. But it would take too long, and also it might spoil the fun. Again the artists come out well; one of the most intelligent and subtle judgments is by William Rothenstein. But it is Shaw who really makes one gasp. Can such things be? Can so much penetration, and good-nature, and serene obtuseness have been lodged together?

K. JOHN

THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN

Leisure, the Basis of Culture. By JOSEPH PIEPER. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Need for Roots. By SIMONE WEIL. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Dr. Pieper's short book contains the title essay and one other on "The Philosophical Act": the latter is reviewed by Mr. Eliot in his preface, and it is here only necessary to give a brief indication of its theme. With refreshing clarity and directness, Dr. Pieper opposes the rationalist tradition of most professional philosophers of the last two hundred years, who have felt it necessary for the freedom of philosophy to insist on complete independence from theology. "There is no such thing as a philosophy which does not receive its impulse and impetus from a prior and uncritically accepted interpretation of the world as a whole," says Dr. Pieper. "It is in the field of theology, and quite independently of experience and previously to it, that the object of man's desire—'wisdom as possessed by God'—becomes visible, and it is this aim which provides the impulse and guides the course of philosophical enquiry in its loving search as it moves through the field of experience." The argument leading to this statement is lucid and humane; it fulfils the requirement which, Mr. Eliot says, common sense demands—that philosophy must deal with insight and wisdom; and it would lead us forward to positive interpretations of personal and social action. If we ask whether it is acceptable we can first call to mind the difficulty which scientists and "scientific" philosophers are having with

first principles and the insistence of, for example, Professor Polyani on the faith which must underlie science; but we can also remember that a belief in the "given-ness" of first knowledge was almost universally held by the philosophers of antiquity, by poets and prophets, by Jung to-day.

The essay on leisure is in some ways more immediately stimulating, though of less fundamental importance. Protestant culture in particular seems to-day to have a morality (of a sort) almost wholly detached from theology, and a theology which stops short, in general practice, with a kind of organisational chart of the Trinity, or a historical morality play in which history and myth are inextricably confused. What it lacks, and what Catholics occasionally get from an Encyclical, is a searching analysis of social function in terms of religious philosophy. This is just what Dr. Pieper has done for the concept of leisure. Perhaps his most striking point is that leisure exists on a different plane from "the world of work" (utility)—it is a state and activity of the soul which is concerned with the divine, and this gives meaning to the words "cult," "culture," "celebration," "feast." The success of Dr. Pieper's analysis is proved in the new illumination he gives to concepts of work and the worker state, wages, the proletariat; it explains with precision how the Communist slogan "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs" becomes in Stalin's mouth (1933) "It is not correct that the worker should be rewarded according to his needs," and in the 1936 Constitution ". . . to each according to his work"; while the Catholic statement is "The primary right of the worker is to a wage which will enable him to support a family." Just as the conception of a temple—a piece of land set aside to God which is not used for utilitarian purposes—is foreign to the factory-state, so the idea of a piece of time set aside neither for work nor for recovery in order to work, but for another purpose in its own right, is foreign to utilitarian planning. Ruskin, seeing wealth and value in that which avails for life, would have raised a cheer for this argument which provides the theological basis for what he saw intuitively. At the present moment, when the air is thick with sociological studies of leisure and educational pronouncements on its use, it is of extreme value to have some tight and principled analysis. I believe that I shall be only one of many for whom Dr. Pieper has done that invaluable service—the rearrangement of whole groups of thought both into a wider consistency and on deeper support.

It is at the same deep level that Simone Weil makes her criticism of industrial civilisation, but with her we pass from the genial calm of the philosopher to the anxious intensity of a spirit harrowed by human suffering. In 1943 Mlle Weil was asked by the Free French in London to prepare a report on the regeneration of France after the war. One can imagine the report of a civil servant: Mlle Weil produced *The Need for Roots*—a profound analysis of the spiritual needs of man in a modern society.

The core of the book, and its closing sentence, is concerned with the need for the spiritual redemption of work—a need often recognised but stubbornly rejected by our factory society. If there is a gleam of hope to-day on this subject, it comes not from the politicians, who are still dismally pursuing "financial incentives," still less from the trade unions, but from some more enlightened industrialists upon whom the truth of Mlle Weil's analysis is being forced by their very familiarity and interest in the motivation of work. Unfortunately, Mlle Weil momentarily descends from the role of prophet and teacher into the sphere of the practical man in making detailed suggestions—a mistake which ruined William Morris but should not detract from the vital truths of this book. A further long section deals with more familiar ground—the necessity and the dangers of patriotism, the nature of the State. How many more times have we to be told of decentralisation, the importance of free social groupings independent of the State, the restoration of the family and the local community, before we take heed?

When one reads a prophet it is sometimes not the main theme—of which conscience is already well aware—which illuminates most, but those sidelong glances at other topics, elucidated by the same analysis. This is particularly true here. There is a masterly destruction of the interventionist view of Providence inherited from the Hebrews; a section, closely connected, on miracles which deals effectively with bogus scientific objections—"all affirmations and denials can only be the result of guesswork, and the problem itself is without interest. It is certain that Christ possessed certain special powers; why should we doubt it, seeing that we are able to verify that Hindu and Tibetan saints possess them?" There are a few sentences worth whole books on adult education and the transmission of culture:

> On the whole, and saving exceptions, second-class works and below are suitable for the élite and absolutely first-class works for the people. . . . What makes it so difficult for our culture to be communicated to the people is not that it is too high but that it is too low. We apply a strange remedy indeed by lowering it still further before distributing it to them in little doses. . . . It isn't a question of taking truths contained in the culture of intellectuals and then degrading them, mutilating them and destroying all their flavour; but simply of expressing them, in all their fullness, in a language which makes them perceptible to the heart for people whose feelings have been shaped by working class conditions.

Five years of effort to do just this confirm every word.

There are plenty of faults in this book. Mlle Weil has most curious historical favourites, chosen intuitively, such as the Druids and Chaldeans. Those who were moved by *Waiting for God* will find less intensity here, and perhaps a sense of burden in handling sociology for an individual with so vivid a personal relationship with God. But the whole book emphasises what a wide, spreading light can be cast on the whole political and social problem if only it is approached from a profound intuition of human nature and human need. GUY HUNTER

HISTORICAL NOVELS

The Man on a Donkey. By H. F. M. PRESCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* Two vols. 25*s.*

I Saw No Sun. By J. DELVES-BROUGHTON. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Crown without Sceptre. By VAUGHAN WILKINS. *Cape.* 12*s. 6d.*

The Proud and the Free. By HOWARD FAST. *Bodley Head.* 12*s. 6d.*

In the first chapter of his history, describing the "Social Conditions of England in the Sixteenth Century," Froude admits, with the rueful humility of the great historian that,

> a condition of things differing alike both outwardly and inwardly from that into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves, is necessarily obscure to us. In the alteration of our own character, we have lost the key with which to interpret the character of our fathers, and the great men even of our own English history before the Reformation seem to us almost like the fossil skeletons of another order of beings.

For at least one layman, Miss Prescott has found the key. Her men and women are no fossils but living creatures, though with minds and characters very different from our own. Her book is a unique achievement. It blends fine scholarship with great literary imagination and it has a sweep and a breadth that one had forgotten could belong to the historical novel. Miss Prescott has not shied at the highest fences. She has seized on a great theme and treated it magnificently. Years of reading and planning, let alone writing, must have gone into this book and if it is not a masterpiece, it is undoubtedly one of the finest historical novels written in this century. Though there are occasional false notes, at times perhaps a shade too much high-lighting, there is no hint of shoddiness or padding to be found in all these 700 pages. In spite of its variety of

DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM

MAURICE CORNFORTH

Volume One

Materialism and the Dialectical Method

This book is intended for the general reader who wants to know what *Dialectical Materialism* means, in theory and practice. The ideas underlying Marxist philosophy are explained in non-technical language, and their application is shown in a number of examples.

144 *pp.* *Popular edition* 7*s. 6d.* *Library edition* 10*s. 6d.*

★

MARX AND SCIENCE

J. D. BERNAL, F.R.S.

Bernal's theme is Marx as a scientist. He shows how Marx brought out for the first time the basic social character of science, and himself made a tremendous contribution to the development of the sciences.

56 *pp.* *Paper covers* 2*s. 6d.* *Cloth* 5*s.*

LAWRENCE & WISHART

How to Read History

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

The author shows how, in reading history, the parts of man's story fall into an understandable picture, and how, by a critical study of the past, an enduring philosophy of life can be achieved.

18*s.* net.

Send for catalogue and free specimen copy of THE LITERARY GUIDE (monthly 6*d.*) from:

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.
Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

London University Degrees—*Postal Tuition*

A Degree at the University of London may be obtained *without residence or attendance at lectures.* Men and women who wish to graduate by study in their spare time can be prepared for the necessary examinations by U.C.C., founded 1887. Courses are available for Entrance requirements, and the Intermediate and Final Examinations for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Com., LL.B., B.D., etc. The College is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees; instalments.

★ **PROSPECTUS** post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

70 Burlington House, Cambridge

mood, the book has a wonderful unity of texture.

This pre-Reformation panorama has been cast in what its author calls "the form of a chronicle."

> This form (she writes) which requires space to develop itself, has been used in an attempt to introduce the reader into a world, rather than at first present him with a narrative. In that world, he must for a while move like a stranger as in real life picking up, from seemingly trifling episodes, understanding of those about him . . .

This is a common-sense application of the method which Mr. Sartre used so unsuccessfully in *The Reprieve*. Instead of describing a number of simultaneous events in the same paragraph, the author relates them diary-fashion in a succession of sharp vivid scenes varying in length from a half to five or six pages. In this way she achieves a maximum range and flexibility. Her book is based on the lives of five characters whose fates become entwined with that of the old religion. Beginning in a remote Yorkshire priory, her picture gradually expands until it embraces the whole realm. By the end of the first volume, it seems as though all England—the Court at Greenwich, the Hexham cloisters, the burgesses of York and the wild Lincolnshire commons—is under her hand. She shows us Henry and Queen Katherine, Anne Boleyn and her uncle Norfolk, Cromwell up and Wolsey down, Mary Tudor with her "sad poisoned smile," Latimer, "a lean stooping man in an old gown and rubbed fur tippet, and with great horse teeth pushing out his lips in the midst of his greying beard." Like an Indian juggler Miss Prescott keeps half a dozen plots going at once until she has drawn her five protagonists—the old lord, the prioress, the squire, the priest and the gentlewoman—into a tangled web of intrigue, sacrifice and self-interest that ends in the tragedy of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Her skill is so great, her sense of her subject so intense that the customary drawbacks of the genre (archaic dialogue, conventional sentiment and the rest) are forgotten after the first fifty pages. Indeed, I think Miss Prescott almost raises this kind of historical writing to a new power of realism. One has only to compare *The Man on a Donkey* with John Buchan's *The Blanket of the Dark*, a fine novel set in much the same period, to see the difference. Buchan approached the historical novel conventionally and second-hand. He viewed the past through the romantic prism of Scott and his books are written in the shadow of *Waverley*. Miss Prescott goes to life itself, as it is distilled in Visitation books and household accounts, in the Camden Miscellany and *Testamenta Eboracensia*.

Her book has blemishes, of course. I think she was unwise to include the character of the mad holy woman Malle, though one can sense her need to give so much grim history a point of resolution *sub specie aeternitatis*. But she succeeds in doing this without Malle's help. Her warring friars and villeins, her nobles who remember Bosworth and "new men" engaged on the King's Matter, are as "united in the strife which divided them" as the factions in Mr. Eliot's poem. A mystic, even such a primitive one as Malle, is, as Mr. Huxley's later novels have shown, almost the one type of character that is indescribable in a novel. The old woman's utterances somehow sound false and banal, especially when contrasted with the fragments of Julian of Norwich in the epilogue. Yet, when all is said, one hardly knows which to praise most, the vividness of this book's descriptive writing or the brilliance of its psychological resurrection.

Miss Delves-Broughton's intentions are as honourable as Miss Prescott's, though her skill is incommensurate. *I Saw No Sun* is a long vivid workmanlike novel about the Scottish Jacobites in the years between the Fifteen and Forty-five Rebellions. The plot twists conventionally, the atmosphere is exciting. We are shown the slums of Leith festering under the economic misery caused by the Union, the Edinburgh mob choking the wynds, the barriers of misunderstanding going up between the English and Scots "plotters." But what Miss Delves-Broughton gives so lavishly with one hand she takes away with the other. Why, having bravely invited comparison with *The Heart of Midlothian* by plunging us into the middle of the Porteous Riots on her third page, must she outrage the first rule of her craft a few pages later by explaining, in a description of her heroine, that "women's riding clothes of that period had a heavy clumsiness, for they wore men's coats and waistcoats, full-skirted and square-cut with big flat pockets . . ."? This passion for explanatory verisimilitude carries her to the point of elucidating "gardy loo!" and "gey" in footnotes. A vivid sketch of the Edinburgh Sabbath with its Stools of Repentance and ten o'clock drum dovetails into a disquisition beginning

> The old universe of the schoolmen had been shaken to its foundations by the high winds of the Renaissance . . . But Descartes and Newton were rebuilding a shaken world on reasonable foundations . . .

This is putting pills in the sugar unnecessarily.

Mr. Wilkins's novel is jam all the way. He too is occupied with the Jacobites, though at a much lower level. *Crown without Sceptre* is a lusty, rumbustious extravaganza about an eccentric nobleman and his gypsy ward who get mixed up in the love-life of Count Alfieri in Charles Edward's mock court at Florence in the 1770s. The author's impudence reveals itself most in his dialogue. There are roughly three schools of thought about speech in the historical novel. A diminishing band thinks it should be as like that spoken at the time as possible, others favour vigorous modernity. A third party follows a discreet and decorous middle path. Miss Prescott makes use of the first method, Miss Delves-Broughton, when her characters are not talking dialect, hovers between first and third. Mr. Wilkins tries to have things all ways and fails disastrously. "Slit me!" and "By St. Scammony!" alternate with remarks like "The Whigs have brought propaganda to a fine art . . ." This, though it adds greatly to the book's entertainment value, makes one suspect that Mr. Wilkins, like Uncle Matthew, is not wholly serious. At times he comes perilously and delightfully near Brahms and Simon.

The Proud and the Free has been designed in faithful accordance with Gorki's blueprint for realism—"to invent means to abstract from the totality of real existence its basic idea and to incarnate this in an image." Mr. Fast has tried to abstract a proletarian saga from the mutiny of the 11th Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line in 1781. He has abstracted a good deal too much and his false Whitmanesque heroics make heavy going of a book that in other hands might have proved effective.

JOHN RAYMOND

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

The Jameson Raid. By JEAN VAN DER POEL. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Nobody ever doubted Dr. Jameson's readiness to provoke a war with the Transvaal: his guilt was the only part of the plot which seemed, then and later, established beyond question. But who else was in it? Was Joe Chamberlain? Was Chamberlain's High Commissioner in South Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, afterwards Lord Rosmead? The answer to these questions mattered enormously at the time, since the true intentions of the Imperial government turned upon it: but the answer matters still—if only because the Imperial government has never cleared the air in South Africa by admitting its peculiar responsibility both for the Raid and for the Anglo-Boer War which followed hard upon the Raid. And this refusal plays still, as it has always played, directly into the hands of the worst kind of Afrikaner chauvinism. It is therefore very satisfactory that the Oxford University Press should now have published, first in South Africa and now here, what is probably the fullest account of the origins of the Raid that we are ever likely to get. Miss Jean van der Poel's book reads like a well-written thriller: it also fixes beyond reasonable doubt the special responsibility for the Raid of the then Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, and his High Commissioner in South Africa.

The Raid itself, of course, was the final responsibility of Jameson and of no-one else. Rhodes had called it off at the last moment: the news of it brought Chamberlain to the brink of resignation. But the Raid was only the smaller part of the plot: the larger part of it was the faking of a *coup d'état*—a "revolution" as its sponsors called it—in Johannesburg, so that the British might be given a pretext to annex the South African Republic, as the Transvaal then was, and to run things there as the mining magnates wanted it, and not as Kruger and the Boers wanted it. The evidence now shows—what was partially known and always suspected—that the plot was to begin with a token rising in Johannesburg, and to "support" this, troops were to be despatched from outside the Transvaal, after which the British High Commissioner, with the full backing of the Imperial government, would intervene magnanimously and apply a pre-arranged "settlement." Jameson's part was to supply the military "aid" from outside the Transvaal. In the event the plot failed because the handful of conspirators in Johannesburg quarrelled among themselves, were cowardly and frivolous, and failed to help Jameson at the crucial moment. Afterwards the dogged patriotism of the Boers in defending their country against British invasion in force was to suggest that the *coup* might never have obtained its object, no matter how well the conspirators in Johannesburg had carried out their allotted part.

Jameson's Raid ended in fiasco, and everyone who had had a part in it thereupon ran hard for cover. The more important among them found it in the never-to-be-forgotten "inquiry" which Parliament later insisted upon, and which applied whitewash with so fine and free a hand as to become immediately an object of amusement or contempt. Chamberlain and Robinson—and

AMAZING BARGAINS

at

SPRING FAIR AND BAZAAR FOR PEACE

Shoreditch Town Hall
April 5th. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.

Excellent camping equipment
Things for the home
Spring and Summer wear
Pottery, canework, prints, etc., etc.

Proceeds to:—
BRITISH PEACE COMMITTEE
81, City Road, E.C.1.

GRAND NATIONAL FAVOURITE—
a KING SIX CIGAR

AFTER-SHAVE EASE

When your skin tingles and feels taut and inflamed after ordinary shaving, learn the soothing, cooling joy that comes with the rich, mildly medicated lather of

Cuticura SHAVING STICK

★ *Now in smart plastic case* ★

therefore the Imperial government—deliberately protected themselves by making scapegoats of two or three of their officials. Chief among these was Sir Graham Bower, Robinson's under-secretary in Cape Town at the time of the Raid. Bower carried the stigma of having plotted with Rhodes and Jameson, without the knowledge of his superiors, until the end of his life. Admirably loyal to his duty as he saw it, he bore false witness at the inquiry and allowed himself to be shown as an irresponsible and ambitious official playing fast and loose with the trust of Chamberlain and Robinson. But he kept his papers safe, and lodged them in the Twenties with the trustees of the South African Public Library, together with instructions that they were not to be examined until January 1946, fifty years after the Raid. These are the papers which Miss Jean van der Poel has now examined, and which provide new and crushing evidence of Chamberlain's complicity and that of his High Commissioner.

Much of this book will finally undermine the complacent and admiring view of Chamberlain that Garvin was to set forth in his biography. The damning series of telegrams from London sent to Rhodes by Rhodes's agents before the Raid were explained away or smuggled out of sight at the time; though a few of them were actually produced by Chamberlain at the inquiry. But one of the most important—telling Rhodes that Chamberlain wanted things "hurried up"—was never produced; and is known now only through Bower's papers. Altogether, this admirably written book is a contribution to Imperial history that is likely to remain of high significance.

BASIL DAVIDSON

SHALL WE GO BY WATER?

The Thames About 1750. By HUGH PHILLIPS. *Collins.* 63*s.*

Mr. Hugh Phillips proposes a series of finely illustrated books about London in 1750, of which, magnificently, this is the first. "A pictorial survey of both banks of the Thames from Woolwich to Hampton Court during the latter years of George II" is the description. Why the date was chosen we need hardly inquire. On the cover, looking east from a Westminster terrace, Canaletto sunnily exposes the great bend of the river, with low-lying red roofs across the water, and St. Paul's and the City spires prickling the skyline. Bountiful Thames! Ideal London! Or so it seems; and not all the idealism is in the painter's eye. The signal value of Mr. Phillips's book is that it recaptures that heyday with a wealth of illustration such as has never before been brought together.

Our visit—for very soon the conviction of being there will grow—resembles those canal trips through Venice or Amsterdam which bring a city insistently close. No roadway interposes itself between us and the house-fronts; we glide past fields, docks, shipyards, steps leading to gardens, windmills, water-towers, pavilions, terraces; whitebait fishers trawl at Blackwall; Westminster Bridge, paid for with bickerings and a State lottery, is complete except for the centre arches; the battered old Savoy still houses a barracks and the King's printing press; Hogarth stares uneasily out of a window on London Bridge, and the villa at Twickenham, no longer containing Mr. Pope, attracts by his grotto-basement in which, when the doors are shut, you can taste the enchantment of sea-shells, flints, stars, and a camera obscura of the bright riverside. From Greenwich Hospital to the high-stepping Chinese bridge at Hampton Court, the town has ranged into sight and dawdled away. If there are two points at which the sightseer might choose to arrest time and to saunter a little ashore, Fountain Court, in the Temple, would be one, and Vauxhall Gardens the other; the first (in an engraving after T. Nicholas) is the prettiest and most consoling scene of any we have witnessed; and the second, half-a-dozen times viewed by Wale and Canaletto, shows that taste and commercialism had not yet gone opposite ways.

There are more than 250 prints and maps in Mr. Phillips's ample volume, of which some two-thirds, I should calculate, were new to me. Most of us, then, through the window of its pages, will be taking a close look at the eighteenth century for the first time. Infinite trouble has been expended in fitting together and elucidating this picture: for example, Mr. Phillips has explored, in detail, and almost house by house, the thirteen-foot panorama of the Thames published in 1749 by Samuel and Nathaniel Buck. This invaluable record, reproduced in sections, has never before, apparently, been reprinted as a whole. And as Mr. Phillips has scrutinised his originals, so we, too, can bring a lens to discover further minutiæ on the page: the lady with a fan (in fig. 135A) being rowed towards the Bear Inn at Westminster, and the little front gardens now occupied by the House of Commons terrace. The reproduction is good enough for that.

The river being the object, not a great deal is said about social or economic life in general; these will be kept for later volumes. But we see the ships being built everywhere against France and the press-gangs at work; Lord Lovat, a Jacobite rebel and in his eighties, is executed on Tower Hill; Westminster Bridge is at last opened, and *Clarissa* published; and there is daily rumour among a population of less than half-a-million, of pedestrians robbed and coaches overturned. These happenings no longer greatly disturb. Time, like Pope's grotto, provides its camera obscura; and almost the keenest pleasure of poring over this album is to discover the charms of origins. Here at Limehouse there are lime-kilns, poplars at Poplar; and the Isle of Dogs can boast a superfluity of dogs, even though dead ones.

G. W. STONIER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NOTE.—Hard on the heels of last month's notes came a decision of the Nixa company to change all their letterings. These will in future be as follows: CLP, HLP, NLP, PLP (12-inch), HLPY, LPY (10-inch). Allegro Company's letterings: ALX (12-inch), ALY (10-inch).

Symphonies. HAYDN: No. 84, E flat major (Collegium Musicum of Vienna/Heiller. R. 20607-9). An interesting symphony, very competently played, but too ill recorded to give pleasure, except perhaps on very small machines. RANGSTROEM: No. 1, C sharp minor (Stockholm Concert Association Orch/Mann. *LXT 2665). Composed in memory of Strindberg, this enormous work has four movements, entitled *Ferment*, *Legend*, *Troll Rune*, and *Battle*. In the note on the envelope large claims are made for this "symphony," but the present reviewer can see nothing in it but pretentious film music—diffuse, bombastic, humorless and deeply sentimental. It is convincingly played, but the recording is boomy.

Concertos. SAINT-SAËNS: Violin Concerto No. 3, B minor (Francescatti/NY Phil. Sym/Mitropoulos. LX 1526-8). Zino Francescatti is obviously a considerable virtuoso, but his rough handling of the slow movement argues a serious lack of sensibility. Elsewhere there is brilliance in plenty, and the concerto is above all a "vehicle"; but, although the balance is good, the recording gives to every note an edge like a circular saw. CORELLI: Concerto Grosso, G minor, Op. 6, No. 8 (Vienna Sym. Orch/Heiler); Sonata, D minor. VIVALDI: Concerto, D major (Starker/Meyer. *PLP 540). This version of the *Christmas* Concerto is on the whole quite acceptable, but the tone is on the hard side and the famous Pastorale, which concludes the work, is far too slowly and ungracefully played. The rest of this LP can be recommended without reserve. Both the works are dignified examples of baroque style and they are played with wonderful taste and skill. The Vivaldi concerto, originally intended for violin and strings, is performed here in the version for cello and piano by Maurice Maréchal.

Under the improbable title

Willingly to School

Hubert van Zeller

writes of Downside, where he liked his masters, got on with his fellow-pupils and was even able to laugh at himself.

With the author's own illustrations.

18/- net

SHEED & WARD

PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

Edited by Sidney E. Hooper

Contents for April 1952 (Vol. XXVII No. 101)

I AUTHORITY AND RATIONALITY. Dr. Sebastian de Grazia.
II THE ANDROGOGICAL THEISM OF A. E. TAYLOR. Prof. Charles F. Sawhill Virtue.
III THE NATURE OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND THE OBJECTIVES OF THE SCIENTIST. John J. Fitzgerald.
IV MATHEMATICAL FORMALISMS AND THEIR REALISATIONS. G. T. Kneebone, Ph.D.
V CAN MACHINES THINK? W. Mays, Ph.D.
VI PHILOSOPHICAL SURVEY: PHILOSOPHY IN ITALY.
VII DISCUSSION: THE NATURE AND SOURCE OF MORAL EXPERIENCE.
VIII NEW BOOKS.
IX INSTITUTE NOTES.

Published Quarterly. Price 3s. Annual Subscription 12s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON

HEFFER'S

The Bookshop known the world over. New and secondhand. English and foreign books. Learned and rare works bought. lists invited.

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD

PETTY CURY. CAMBRIDGE

Wherever you are in the world,

LIVRES DE FRANCE

"FRENCH BOOK SOCIETY"

is at your service to keep you informed of all books of interest published in France and to supply them at the French publisher's price.

Full details on request.

127, REGENT STREET, LONDON W.1

LAYTONS

WINE MERCHANTS

are also

PARTY CATERERS

2a Duke Street, Manchester Sq., W.1

Welbeck 1864, 1865, 0749

Turnberry

HOTEL

AYRSHIRE

Scotland's famous seaside resort. The full 18 holes of the famous Ailsa Golf Course now in play.

Nearest railway station—Girvan. Hotel cars meet trains.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

HOTELS ABOUTTHE LONDON (W.1)

SUMMER 1952

DRAMA AND ARTS FESTIVALS

Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Ascona, Braunwald, Engadin, Menton, Nice.

14 days inclusive holiday from 35 guineas.

UNIVERSITY COURSES

Nice, Bonn, Kiel, Brussels, Florence, etc.

3 weeks inclusive holiday from 21½ guineas.

Combine the major events of cultural interest in Europe with the ideal summer holiday. Specialised Travel Service Ltd. officially represents a number of the above and is in the unique position to make all arrangements for travel, accommodation, entrance tickets and course fees, thus **ensuring a maximum private spending margin from the £25 available.**

Write for full details and other individual holiday arrangements to:

SPECIALISED TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.

(Dpt. B1), 66, Paddington St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9935 6

Self-Sticking

SPEEDFIX

Cellulose **TAPE**

On rolls ¾" 1½" & 3"

5 YARDS ON SAFE REFILLABLE PLASTIC DISPENSERS..... 1/3

... NOW SEND IN YOUR IDEA AND WIN £250

Send an original use with empty container (no tape) to SPEEDFIX Competition 35 Parkstone Pl. W.1 by Aug. 31

Miscellaneous Orchestral. BEETHOVEN: *The Creatures of Prometheus* (Winterthur Sym. Orch/Goehr. *LP 1063-1 and 2). Interesting though it will be to musicians to possess a complete recording of this ballet, I think Tovey is right to describe it as for the most part "monotonously frivolous." There are a few strikingly beautiful things, notably the fifth movement with its solo cello and harp; but the price is high for so little music one would wish to hear again, especially as the recording, though at times excellent, is very variable. BERLIOZ: *Beatrice and Benedict*—Overture (Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX 1529). This luminous scherzo receives a really admirable performance, with perfect wind-string balance, and the recording is excellent. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Swan Lake*—Ballet Suite (French Nat. Sym. Orch/Désormière. *CTL 7015). This is a larger selection than any previously issued, not excepting the Dorati set (Col.). The performance is in the best style and is brilliantly recorded. A complete set of the ballet is included in the (Czech) Supraphon catalogue, but it has not yet reached this country. STRAUSS: *Till Eulenspiegel* (Philharmonia/Karajan. LX 8908-9). An almost faultless performance and a good recording, which replaces the other SP versions. Those who possess the LP set by Vienna Phil/Krauss need not feel obliged to change it, since two of the climaxes in this new set are coarse in tone. BARTOK: *Portrait No. 1* (Szigeti/Philharmonia/Lambert. LX 1531). This hauntingly beautiful, monothematic piece dates from 1907 and belongs therefore to the first period of Bartok's career. The harmony is bland and romantic, the general atmosphere of the music serenely meditative. The performance is a very moving one and cannot fail to give lasting pleasure, though the recording is ill focused. TURINA: *Danzas Fantasticas* (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB 9738-9). Luxuriously scored music of the Palm Court type, but not without a certain elegance of style, which is fully realised by orchestra and conductor. The recording has an American brilliance of surface.

Chamber Music, Piano and Organ. BRAHMS: Piano Quintet, F minor, Op. 34 (Haskil/Winterthur Qt. *CLP 46). A new recording of this fine quintet was overdue, since none has been available for some years; but, although this performance would doubtless while away quite agreeably a long winter evening at Winterthur, it would not, I feel, bear many repetitions, for the playing lacks impetus and leaves a feeble, pedestrian impression. We should be curious to hear the American LP of this work, played by Clifford Curzon and the Budapest Quartet. MATIEGKA: Quartet for flute, guitar, viola and cello (Mess/Faiss/Kirchner/Barchet. *PLP 518). Originally ascribed to Schubert—an ascription perpetuated on the label and envelope of this disc, though corrected in the programme note on the back—this innocent and most appealing work is really by Wenzel Matiegka, one of the outstanding guitarists of the early nineteenth century. Schubert's share in the work consists of an added cello part and the second Trio of the Minuet. The opening movement is perhaps rather helpless, but the rest of the quartet bears witness to a musical personality of much grace and humour. The performance and recording are most agreeable. SCHUBERT: Piano Trio, B flat major, Op. 99 (Carnegie Trio. *PLP 703). This is rather a rough performance and some of the entries are distinctly off pitch. The recording, too, needs a lot of top cut. With caution, then, I recommend the disc to owners of LP equipment; the famous old Cortot/Thibaud/Casals set is on the brink of deletion, and the only other available version, by the Trio di Trieste (H.M.V.), is vexatiously eccentric. HINDEMITH: String Quartet No. 3, Op. 22. PROKOFIEV: String Quartet No. 2, F major, Op. 92 (Hollywood Qt. *CTL. 7016). Though written as long ago as 1922, the Third String Quartet is in Hindemith's mature style. There are five movements, of which the third is a long and very beautiful Andante, the fourth a kind of cadenza, with brilliant parts for the viola and cello. The Hollywood Quartet, by taking the Andante a good deal slower than the metronome marking, fail partially to convey the quiet, barge-like progress of the music, though their muted tone is beautifully steady. Elsewhere their performance is wholly admirable, and the recording takes the vigorous bowing of the fast movements without distortion. Prokofiev's Second Quartet (1942) is based on folk material from the Caucasus. The first movement is rather trivial, but the second has a hauntingly beautiful theme, treated with much pretty decoration; and the Finale, though energetic, is not a scrubbing brush. Performance and recording are excellent. SCHUMANN: *Scenes from Childhood*, Op. 15 (Gieseking. LX 8913-4); Ditto and MENDELSSOHN: 6 Songs without Words (Ferber. *LM 4544). Gieseking here gives one of those renderings to which one returns again and again, so inexhaustible are its treasures of delicacy and subtle phrasing, so absolutely right its tempi and dynamics. This is a double-star recording, if ever there was one. Albert Ferber gives a competent routine performance, but he is quite outclassed by the older pianist, and ill served by the recording, which is metallic and (on the reverse) wavers sadly in pitch. BACH: Prelude and Fugue, D major; Chorale Prelude, "Ich ruf' zu Dir" (Jones. C 7898-9). Recorded on the famous organ at Steinkirchen, these pieces are a perfect example of what Bach's organ music should sound like. Also highly recommended: BEETHOVEN: Sonata, F major, Op. 54 (Solomon. C 4159); MUSSORGSKY: *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Katchen. *LK 4046).

Vocal. MOZART: *Kyrie* for four voices, D minor, K 341; *Offertorium pro festo Sti. Johannis Baptistae*, K 72 (Salzburg Mozarteum Chorus and Orch/Sternberg); Oboe Concerto C major, K 314 (Saillet/Salzburg Mozarteum Orch/Paumgartner. *PLP 519). The *Kyrie* is an extremely impressive movement, grave, even tragic in feeling, and written with all Mozart's mastery of composition. The little *Offertorium*, composed at the age of fifteen, is a very different affair, light and almost playful, but no less perfect in its kind. The reverse contains the work better known as a Flute Concerto. In its original form, for oboe, it is available in a cut, and not very well played, version by Evelyn Rothwell. The present version is uncut and excellently played. The recording of all three works is on the shrill side, but quite manageable. VERDI: *Ernani* "Infelice!" (Christoff. DB 21424). This, the first integral recording of a very fine scena, could scarcely be more authentically sung. The recording is beautifully

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 0s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 15s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa, West, £5 15s. South and East £4.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £5 10s.
Hong Kong, £4 15s. Australia, £5 15s.
New Zealand, £6.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street N.Y. 22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue Inland, 1½d., Foreign, 1½d., Canada, 1d.

balanced and spacious. MOZART: *Don Giovanni* —"Non mi dir" (Welitsch. LB 121). It is sad to have to report that Ljuba Welitsch is not much more successful than most sopranos in her efforts to encompass this monstrously difficult aria. The recording is rather cramped. SCHUBERT: *Du bist die Ruh'*; *Standchen* (Fischer-Dieskau. DB 21349). A very slight straining after effect prevents me from wholly accepting Fischer-Dieskau's reading of *Du bist die Ruh'*. In the *Standchen*, however, I have no fault to find with his singing, in which the calm and steady legato is a delight to hear. The recording is very good. SCHUBERT: *Im Frühling; Auf der Bruck* (Pears/Britten. DB 21423). The first of these songs is taken much more slowly than is usual—a procedure which seems to me quite in keeping with the nature of the music. *Auf der Bruck* (Die Bruck is the name of a place near Gottingen) is a rarely heard song with one of those raging, *martellato* accompaniments that were part of Schubert's inventions in this field. Benjamin Britten plays it superbly and Peter Pears is strikingly successful with the lower part of his voice, though both here and in the first song he has occasional difficulty with the middle register. The recording of *Auf der Bruck* is distinctly less good than that of the reverse; a bad tape, no doubt. Also recommended: SCHUMANN: *Der Nussbaum; Aufträge* (Schwarzkopf. LB 122). VERDI: *Otello*—"Oh! mostruosa colpa!" (Act 2); BIZET: *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*—"Au fond du temple saint" (Act 1) (Björling/Merrill. DB 21426).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,154

Set by R. K. Buchanan

A knitwear firm has appealed for "gloves, underwear, socks, stockings or swimming garments of a past era" to stock its historical collection. The usual prizes are offered for not more than 12 lines of "A Briton's Farewell to his Vest"—or any other garment which he is offering in the interests of social history. Entries by April 15th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,151

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for a Ballade (two verses, and envoi) of Eccentrics.

Report by G. W. Stonier

One competitor wrote in gratitude for "a return to stricter forms": it had done him good, he declared, whatever the condition of mind revealed by his entry. Another complained that I had not been nearly strict enough, having ordered two verses where three should be obligatory. Space, I am afraid, overrules the rules. Good refrains were not rare.

"What's to be done about the saint?"
"Whose socks were never quite the same."
"And once again they read through *Sparkenbroke*."
"Euclid avers, and Marie Stopes agrees."
"And old Etonians like Shelley."

But the catchy line though helpful is not everything; and a certain pliability is even more necessary than to strike bright and hard. I missed the refrain that develops unpredictable meanings by being repeated. Far the most satisfying entry, both for its choice of eccentrics and its technical skill, came from W. L. Lindsay, who succeeded in overcoming my reluctance to cross the border. To him goes a First Prize of three guineas. A guinea each is awarded to Eric Swainson, Harry Broadbent and E. W. Fordham.

The Worthies in wanchancy hour
Mell wi' the douce, the gormless dead;
Monboddo's ghaist lies i' the stour,
That groped the bairnies in their bed
For prievin' o' his caudal creed.
When howdie-dockit rumps he saw
His fond and furious lordship fled.
He's ower the border an' awa'.

Dalrymple's taen, wi' Burke tae smoor.
Their caun'le Time's extinguishèd;
Damian, wha louped frae Stirlin' tower,
His tame villatic pinions spread,
A hailyard Icarus, an' said,
"Pit not your trust in cocks that craw!"
Syne coupit on tye midden-head;
He's ower the border an' awa'.

Prince, for thae ills there's nae remede;
Auld Andro's played his hin'most ba'.
"Hell" yawns for the eccentric breed.
They're ower the border an' awa'.

Notes:

1. Lord Monboddo professed to believe that children are born with tails, but, visiting confinements in search of proof, found himself foiled by the nefarious surgery of doctor or midwife.

2. Father Damian attributed the failure of his Icarian experiment to his use of feathers of the hen, "a bird that yearns towards the midden, not the skies."

3. Andra—Andra Kircaldy.

4. "Hell"—a notorious bunker at St. Andrews.

W. L. LINDSAY

Time was when Art affected pansy smocks,
Sloppy cravats, berets, neglected hair,
Mauve slacks, rope sandals, velvet coats, no socks,
And little beards which made the vulgar stare.
But, in parenthesis, to be quite fair,
I ought to add that Artists didn't mind:
They also stared when I began to wear
My primrose shirt tails hanging out behind!

When rationing depleted clothing stocks,
And every Philistine began to wear
Strange garbs, the Chosen took to natty socks,
Neat, shiny suits and well-anointed hair.
This esoteric sleekness made me swear,
But was my normal sang-froid undermined?
No, Sir! And I have never ceased to wear
My primrose shirt tails hanging out behind!

Prince, to succeed among the debonair,
I have adopted habits untrefined:
The lionizers love to see me wear
My primrose shirt tails hanging out behind!

ERIC SWAINSON

I knew a man in Curzon Street
Who breakfasted off garden peas
And ate his dinner with his feet
And—stranger habit far than these—
Had built himself beneath the trees
A cage of raffia and bamboo
Wherein to lie and take his ease.
And now, dear reader, what of you?

Reclining in his snug retreat
He'd train imaginary fleas
To lift him on his woven seat
And bear him safely on the breeze
Over the hills beyond the seas
To seek the justice that he knew
Not gods but men have on their knees.
And now, dear reader, what of you?

They called him mad, but, if you please,
His mind was calm, his heart was true,
Despite his eccentricities.
So now, dear reader, what of you?

HARRY BROADBENT

"A two verse Ballade?" Yes, but this
Is most eccentric, is it not?
I fancy therefore, that he is
Himself eccentric who has got
To sit in judgment on this lot
Of varied entries. Ah well, mine's
Although eccentric, fairly hot,
A Ballade of but twenty lines.

Flying Holidays
on currency of £25

Two people flying Air France, with no extras, no tips, and wonderful free meals and drinks, can enjoy up to 14 days abroad on their combined £50 currency allowance. Fares are paid in this country and do not come from the allowance.

Flight to PARIS · NICE · CORSICA · DINARD
DEAUVILLE · LA BAULE · MARJORCA
BARCELONA · MADRID · ITALY · SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA · U.S.A. · ASIA · AFRICA · AUSTRALIA
Your Travel Agent will give you the best advice

Send for this fascinating free book "FLYING HOLIDAYS"

AIR FRANCE *The 4-Engine Service*

LONDON: 52/54 HAYMARKET, S.W.1. WHI. 4455 · GLASGOW: 33 RENFIELD ST. CEN. 8054/5
MANCHESTER: ST. PETER'S SQ. CEN. 8071/2 · BIRMINGHAM: CIVIC CENTRE. MID. 5891

THERE'S PLEASANT COMPANY ON A CHA *HOLIDAY!*

Enjoy the congenial atmosphere of any of the 60 well-appointed centres at home or abroad, in glorious surroundings. Excursions arranged. Send for illustrated brochures.

C.H.A. Continental holidays are within the £75 limit.

CO-OPERATIVE HOLIDAYS ASSOCIATION (Dept. J)
Birch Heys, Cromwell Range, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14

MOUNTAINEERING HOLIDAYS

Our summer courses at the Taschachhaus, 7,900 ft. up in the Otztaler Alps, are designed for the beginner at climbing as well as for the more experienced mountaineer. First class training, guided ascents of the major peaks of the Tyrol, all equipment, club membership, travel (with food on the journey), accommodation and meals—an absolutely all-inclusive 16 days of exhilarating experience for only £40. Write for details to:

RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION SERVICES
48a Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1

THREE wheels, pray mark my emphasis,
We to a tricycle aflot.
A "two-wheeled tricycle," I wis,
Might suit a verbal Hottentot.
But, though it matters not one jot,
Your poet sickens and repines
When faced with this eccentric plot—
A Ballade of but twenty lines.

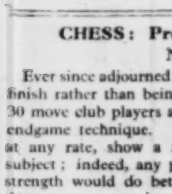
Great Judge, I fear you'll murmur "Rot.
"A judge may rule as he inclines."
But here I put you on the spot—
A Ballade of but twenty lines!!

E. W. FORDHAM

CHESS: Prowess at Endgames

No. 131

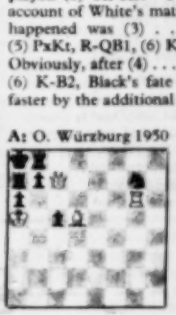
Ever since adjourned League matches are played to a finish rather than being adjudicated round about the 30 move club players are said to have improved their endgame technique. Many of my correspondents, at any rate, show a most sensible interest in the subject; indeed, any player intent on increasing his strength would do better to study endgames rather than swot up opening variations. Here, then, is a most instructive endgame won by Euwe (Black) a couple of years ago. He admits that, had White retreated his checked K to K3 Black's only and somewhat doubtful chance to win would have been a (suitably prepared) advance of the KKtP. But White played K-Q3, thereby giving Euwe an opportunity for some subtle *zugzwang* manœuvring. Note how shrewdly, for that very purpose, he holds back his KKtP, maintaining the precious "reserve move"; note also how adroitly, up to the 9 move, the Kt is steered to e4, whence his next long-term objective is g6, though the actual finish, as we shall see, took a different course.



(1) K-Q3?	K-Q4!	(10) B-R4	Kt-Q3
(2) B-K1	Kt-Q5	(11) B-K1	Kt-K1
(3) B-B3	Kt-K3	(12) B-R4	Kt-B2!
(4) B-Q2	Kt-B2!	(13) B-K1	Kt-K3
(5) B-B3	Kt-K1	(14) B-Q2	P-R5
(6) B-Q4	Kt-B3!	(15) K-K3	K-B5
(7) B-K5	Kt-K5	(16) K-B3	Kt-Q5ch
(8) BxP	KtxP	(17) K-Kt2	Kt-B7
(9) B-B6	Kt-K5	(18) K-R3	K-Q6!

White resigned a few moves later; had he played (14) B-Kt3 the Kt, following Euwe's original plan, would have moved to KKt3 (via B1), with the push of the RP to follow. After all these subtleties, some of them far from obvious, here is some light relief in the shape of an equally instructive position won by Janda (White) at Geneva, 1951. He played (1) P-B3, and Black blithely pushed his QRP, imagining that after (2) PxKt, P-R6 he would have a clear win. But White played (3) Kt-K3! Obviously the Kt is taboo, on account of White's mating threat by Kt-B6. So what happened was (3) . . . P-R7, (4) Kt-B2, K-Kt1, (5) PxKt, R-QB1, (6) Kt-B6 ch, K-B1, (7) R-Kt8! etc. Obviously, after (4) . . . P queens, (5) KtxQ, RxKt ch, (6) K-B2, Black's fate would have been sealed even faster by the additional threat R-Kt8 ch.

A: O. Würzburg 1950



In this week's competition, obviously, the two major pieces should be in tune with the chords of the sermon. But before wrinkling our brows to tackle endgame technique in earnest we might have a little fun, as well as some regard for our frequently neglected problem-addicts. **A** is a rather witty 3-mover, and if I overrate it with 5 ladder-points **B**—White to win—would certainly seem to be underrated with 6 points, even with the little hint that the most obvious line is *not* the way to win, and that the basic idea is quite an instructive bit of endgame trickery. As for **C**—White to win—this should be hardly overrated with 7 points, even though it may rank among the easier of Grigoriev's galaxy of pawn-endgames.

B: A. Wotava
1949

C: N. D. Grigoriev
1935

Usual prizes. Entries by April 15.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 15

A: (1) R-Kt8, P-R6, (2) B-R2, R-KB6, (3) Kt-Kt5, P queens ch, (4) B x Q, R-B8 ch, (5) K-B2, R x B, (6) R-QR8 ch, K-Kt5, (7) Kt x P, P-Kt6 ch, (8) K-Q2, R-Kt7 ch, (9) K-B1, R-QB7 ch (10) K-Kt1, R-KR7, (11) Kt-Kt1, R-KKt7, (12) Kt-B3, R-KB7, (13) Kt-K1, R-K7, (14), Kt-Q3, R-Q7, (15) Kt-B1, R-Q8, (16) R-R3, followed by R x P etc.

B: (1) P-B6. P x P, (2) Kt-K5 !, B (or P) x Kt, (3) K-K4, etc. If (2) . . . P-B4, (3) Kt-Q3 ch, followed by Kt x B, etc.

As was to be expected most of those who attempted the Korolkov went awry and the majority didn't even try, but wisely decided to wait for the solution. Prizes shared by E. Allan, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft. Equally flawless solutions came from D. E. Cohen, M. Kaye, A. Schneider (and I am glad to add that most of the few who clamoured for more difficult studies are among the successful solvers).

ASTRAC.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in a Hotel: good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

FAMILIES, specially those with tiny babies, made very welcome at Brewery Farm House, Great Mongeham, Deal. (1195). Open from Easter. Plenty of well-cooked food. Prams, cots, high-chairs, babies' bath included. Bus or car to sea, 21 miles. Paddi Pad Disposable Nappy Service. Baby watchers.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. 5gns. special terms for family party. No vacs. July 26-Aug. 30. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm prod. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

CORNWALL. Cottage Guest House minute St. Ives Harbour. All modern comforts. Gilbert, 3 Academy Place.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Hols. In sunny Devon, at Britain's best Sun-Club. Full facils. & mod. cons.; nudist sun & air bathing. Write (enc. 1d.) for brochure. Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. The "Sunbather" magazine, 1s. 6d., post free.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

EASTER Holidays are most enjoyable at the Grand Hotel, Grange-over-Sands. 160 bedrooms, ballroom, billiards room, games room, tennis courts, own golf course. Licensed. Central heating. Lift. garage. A Trayco hotel. Write for brochure. Phone: Grange 431/2.

COMFORTABLE accomm., sea front, beautiful bathing strand, excellent catering. Terms weekly £5. Mrs. Veary, Sea Cliff Guest House, Dugort, Achill, Co. Mayo. Etc.

SURREY Sussex border, quiet holiday accom. offered in beautiful 15th cent. converted farm house. Good walking country, peaceful and picturesque—30 miles London, excel. food. 4½gns. p.w. Easter onwards. Ifield 9983.

SMALL Country Guest House. Farm fare. Electricity, inside sanitation, box spring beds. 1,000ft. extensive views. Pennines, woods, moors, Brontë country. 13s. 6d. a day. S.A.E. for Brochure. Crabtree, Bent Head, Pecket Well, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. Tel.: Hebden Bridge 451.

CORNWALL. Trehorrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Log fires. Lovely for flowers. King Arthur's country. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout & Salmon. Nr. Polzeath (self-bathing). Lundy Bay. Port Quin & Port Gaverne. Dinnerman. Port Isaac 214.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

AT Redway, Stoke Gabriel, S. Devon, in lovely Dart valley, rm. for 2 country-loving holiday makers in comfortable flat (double room, 2 beds, H. & C.). Good cooking, books to read, garden, 1-hrly. bus service coast. Full possession, only 5gns. each.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. New management, fresh ideas. Ideal for a Spring holiday. Rye 2216.

COTE D'Azur, Hotel La Bonne Auberge, St. Raphael (Var). Full pension, incl. wine/taxes service, 1350-1500 frs. per day.

FARM Holidays. Unique Book describing Britain's best holiday farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. N.S.N.), 49 Broomfands, Paisley.

CORNWALL. Carefree happy holiday offered by Friends lady in her cottage, to 2 or 3 persons only. 1 mile beautiful beach, well-cooked food, real personal attention. £4 15s. weekly, all incl. Mrs. Luxemburg, 4 Vicarage Rd., St. Agnes.

CO. Galway. Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel. Country House touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Brochure.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest House in busiest beauty spot on South Coast. 3 min. sand; beach, H. & C., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Mrs. Golding, "Wavene," Park Rd. Phone 2804.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

BETWEEN Lune Valley & Lakeland. A perfect holiday centre in modernised Georgian country house. Wooded estate. Mod. charges—Yealand Manor, Carnforth.

N. CORNWALL: cottage guest hse. Sands, surfing, buses 5 min. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cott., Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

WESTMINSTER Hotel, West Malvern, high on the western slopes of the incomparable Malvern Hills. A delightful holiday centre for exploring Wye Valley, Cotswolds; easy reach Hereford, Worcester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury. Central heating; H. & C., excellent cuisine, fully licensed cocktail bar and good service. Garage. Moderate terms. Bus Route. R.A.C., A.A. Tel. 874.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. Sytc Nova Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

CWM.L. B.B., late dinner. Mod. cons. Recom. Tressda, Tregoney, Mevagissey.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SCOTLAND—Brook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Perths. Trossachs 8 miles. 4½-7gns. Tel. Callander 103.

PORTAFERRY Hotel, Portaferry, County Down, N. Ireland. Open to non-residents. Licensed. A.A. Ideally situated on sea front. Boating, fishing, golf. Hot and cold water in bedrooms. Tel.: Portaferry 231.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country hse. in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Appvd. 7½-8½gns. Tel. 3155.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for medium). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Gilchurd, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

WORTHING—Home of poet Healey. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel. Overlooking Bay and 13 miles coastal scenery. Thoroughly recommended. Telephone Port Isaac 291. Terms 5 to 6½gns.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. conv., large garden.

ENJOY a delightful week-end, or longer, in the Chiltern Hills. Stay at "The Tapping House" Private Hotel, Great Missenden, Bucks. Charming XVII-cent. house. All bedrooms h. & c. and centrally-heated. Excellent food. 1 hr. London. Tel. 516.

NOW is the time to book for your Spring or Summer holiday! Heathfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amidst glorious scenery, offers good food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Vegans catered for. Member Vegetarian Catering Association. Anne Hoerner. Tel. 509.

SWITZERLAND—Book now for spring and summer. For your £25 allowance: a fortnight in a 1st class guest house with every comfort on one of the finest spots of the world and £8 left for pocket money. Write for brochure: Hôtel-Pension "Le Cerisier"—Caux s/Montreux.

DEVON & Cornwall. Delightful, inexpensive holidays. Dawlish-Newquay. 1952 illustrated brochure 1d. free. Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garthedge Hotel. Cent. heating. Billiards, library. Fishing, golf, lakes. Cons. and good food. Pets. residents special rates. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. 71.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ESSEX. Delightful Holidays in Country House Hotel, 20 acres grounds, every modern comfort, good food, fully licensed swimming, tennis, dancing. Weekly terms from 6gns. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree. Tel.: Gt. Bardfield 241.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel. Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

NEAR Pendine. Homely accom. offered in country hse.; own grounds, in beautiful coastal district. Tennis; billiards, safe bathing. Own produce. Terms 5-6gns. Bus routes Pendine, Carmarthen, Pendine, Broadway Mansions, Laugharne, Carmarthen, Laugharne 25.

"LITTLE Guide to Village Inns & Farmhouses," 2s. 6d., postage 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

NORTH CORNWALL, Mawgan Porth. Spend your holiday in a lovely Guest House right on the beach in a perfect sands bay; astres, etc., welcome. Write Box 9649.

CORNWALL in Spring plus Castle Rock Hotel, Port Isaac, equals the ideal holiday—why not try it? Incl. tariff Easter/July 6-7gns. High Season, 7-8gns. Write for brochure now! (A.A., R.A.C.).

CONTINENTAL, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, hotel socialiste, bonne table, agréable compagnie, prix modérés.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View."

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Wheare Hotel, Horam, E. Sussex.

HOLIDAY in Ireland at Port Hotel, Victoria, Co. Cavan. Beautifully situated on Lough Ramor. Good food, comf. beds. Golf, tennis, bathing, boating, fishing, shooting, all on Hotel grounds. 8gns. p.w.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley. Continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is exempted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates with special interests in Ancient History, for the post of Temporary Assistant Lecturer in History for a period of one year from September 29, 1952. Salary within the range £450–£500 per annum with membership of Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 1, 1952, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Extension Lecturer in Music. The person appointed will be required to conduct extension lecture courses and tutorial classes for adult students in the Oxford Extra-Mural Area. The appointment will begin on September 1, 1952, on the salary scale £550–£850 p.a. with membership of F.S.S.U. Application forms and further particulars from The Secretary, Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies, Rewley House, Wellington Sq., Oxford. Closing date May 12, 1952.

APPLICATIONS are invited for post of Executive Officer to The Scientific Film Association. Salary £500 per annum. Scientific experience desirable. Duties to coordinate work of the Association's voluntary Committees. Apply to The President, The Scientific Film Assoc., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.2, giving age & full partics.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Albanian, Bulgarian, Estonian, Greek, Latvian, Lithuanian, Russian and Ukrainian Language Monitors at Reading. Preference given to candidates who can offer more than one of the languages. Duties consist of reporting on radio transmissions in these languages of which complete idiomatic grasp is essential. Qualifications: Good knowledge of current political events, particularly in relation to the relevant countries; ability to type. Vacancies do not exist in all these groups, but successful candidates will be placed on the reserve list. Salary £580 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with £30 annual increments to maximum £800. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 marked "Monitors N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNION Public Service Commission, India. The Commission informs those Indian nationals living in the United Kingdom, Eire, Continental Europe and the Western Hemisphere, who did not apply in response to the Commission's earlier advertisement, of vacancies of Information Officer under the Ministry of External Affairs, New Delhi, on the presumption that they would be required to go to India for interview, that they may now apply to the Chairman, Union Public Service Commission, c/o the High Commissioner for India, India House, London, W.C.2, before April 15, 1952. A Selection Board of the Commission will meet in London to interview candidates early in May. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained on request, quoting No. 7/3D, from the High Commission of India, General Department.

CITY of Birmingham. Occupation Centres for Mentally Defective Children. (a) Supervisor of Industrial Centre (Man): Knowledge of woodwork essential, ability to teach other crafts an advantage. (b) Supervisor of Occupation Centre (Woman): Preference given to candidates with Diploma of the National Association for Mental Health or similar approved qualification. Knowledge of musical activities, handicrafts and/or simple physical training desirable. Salary for both posts £365 × £15 to £395 × £25—£420 per annum plus £30 for holders of the Diploma. Application forms from the undersigned ("Special Schools"). H. Russell, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Birmingham. 3.

GOODMAYES (Mental) Hospital, Goodmayes, Ilford.—Psychiatric Social Worker for modern hospital situated within twelve miles Charing Cross. Serves West Ham and Ilford, with two Neurosis Units, department of Electroencephalography and ten adult outpatient clinics. Much emphasis is attached to social psychiatry within the hospital organisation and clinical conferences are encouraged. Salary and conditions of service of J.N.C. (Hospital Staffs); increased by a sum not exceeding £75 per annum for the successful candidate who proves capable of discharging special responsibility during a six months' probationary period. Applications to Secretary as above, with two copies of recent testimonials, within seven days of the appearance of this advertisement.

MASTER (single) required immediately for vegetarian school with proportion of difficult children. Write stating age, qualifications, exp. and salary reqd. to Box 9974.

BARRY Divisional Labour Party.—Applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms are obtainable from The Secretary, 109 High Street, Barry, Glam., to whom they should be returned not later than April 28, 1952.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

LONDON County Council. *Hyndshipe* Boarding Special Schools. (1) Grafham Grange School, Bramley, Nr. Guildford, Surrey (Primary School for 50 educationally sub-normal boys and girls). Applications invited for appointment of housemaster and matron at headmaster with wife as matron. The head must be qualified teacher. Matron should have had recent experience of institutional management. Apply on form TS10/Grafham, obtainable from and returnable to the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope). Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts in Council's boarding special schools need only submit letter giving name of school for which previous application was made. (2) Sabrieri Head, Burnham (also plus two special school increments plus Burnham group 2(S) head teacher allowance. Matron, £230 × £15—£290, plus addition of 25 percent 20 per cent. Free board, lodging and laundry for both (for head in return for duties at week-ends and outside school hours). Apply on form TS10C Special (TS10C for candidates who have completed one since January 1951, and have no information to add) from Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Vacant Easter. Closing date April 12, 1952. (3289).

LONDON County Council—Administrative Vacancies—Two examinations will be held in 1952 for permanent appointments to Major Establishment. (1) Open Competitive —Commences May 19. For school leavers of advanced standard; born on or between February 2, 1934, and February 1, 1935. Closing date April 16 (Leaflet O.C.1). (2) Special Competitive—July 21 and 22. For persons born on or between August 2, 1928, and February 1, 1933, who are either (a) graduates or undergraduates in last year of degree course, or (b) men with Higher School Certificate only (equivalent) who have completed before February 1, 1953, their period of full-time National Service in H.M. Forces. Graduates (and undergraduates) given age allowance (maximum 1 year) for Forces service. Ex-regulars with educational qualifications mentioned given age allowance and "weighting" of marks given for recent service in Forces. Closing date June 16 (Leaflet S.C.1). Commencing salaries according to age, between £289 at 18 and £450 at 24. Scale rises to £600. Prospects of promotion and leave, prospects of promotion to higher grades. Apply to Clerk of the Council (A.I.N.), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet required. (224.)

KENT County Council Children's Committee invite applications for the appointment of Woman Welfare Officer in the Gillingham area. Duties include the selection of foster homes and the care of children boarded-out under the Children Act, 1948; enquiries in connection with children appearing before Juvenile Courts, and adoption enquiries. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or appropriate academic qualifications; previous experience in child care work is very desirable. Salary in accordance with the scale £440 a year rising by £15 yearly increments to £485 a year. The candidate appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned not later than April 14, 1952. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council.

MASTER (single) for out-of-school activities, maintenance, driving etc. required immediately for vegetarian school with proportion of difficult children. Write stating age, exper. and salary required to Box 9975.

SOCIAL leaders required for family Holiday Camps (not licensed). Interest in people, outdoor activities, old time dancing. Good musics. Box 66.

WANTED Urgently, Superintendent and Assistant Worker for difficult school-aged girls in Birmingham Hostel; experience essential. Moral Welfare training if possible. C. of E. Write: Miss Little, 40 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise Street, Birmingham, 1.

GENERAL Assistant (man, resident, unmarried) for maintenance work, woodwork teaching, etc., at hostel-school in Hampshire for maladjusted children. Please give details in first letter. Write C.S.A., 56 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys at Boyles Court, near Brentwood. Interesting opening for young man wishing to study for Diploma in Social Science; opportunities given to attend lectures. Salary £280 × £12 to £340, less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 44 hours per week. Enquiries in first place to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, and any applications (forms subsequently completed to be sent to Employment Exchange, Wells St., Chelmsford, with SCC/M/4/C marked in top left corner of envelope.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

BOARDING-out Officer with Social Science or equivalent qualifications; able to drive own car essential. Trav. exps. and subsistence paid. Salary Scale A.P.T. I-II £440 rising to maximum £515 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Duties include selection and supervision of foster homes. Experience in child care work desirable. Applicants must apply in writing by April 16, stating age, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of three testimonials to the Secretary, Foundling Hospital, 40, Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

MALADJUSTED Children. Opening occurs for young man as Student Helper at Bodenham Manor School. Suitable for someone awaiting vacancy Mental Health or similar Course. Write W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

MANCHESTER University Settlement. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Resident Club Leader. For further details write to: The Warden, 20 Every Street, Manchester, 4.

YOUNG, adaptable Editorial Assistant for A. Press Syndication Agency. Knowledge of foreign markets and Features experience an advantage. Full particulars, age, salary required: Box 9865.

PRIVATE & Confidential Secretary required for important position. Main work in London area & Manchester. Must be first-class Shorthand Typist, fully experienced in secretarial duties. Age 30/35. Position requires intelligence and hard work. Permanent & progressive. Write stating age, salary required and experience. Box 9866.

PRIVATE Secretary (woman) to Director and General Manager of prominent engineering company in Darlington. In addition to appropriate qualifications and experience applicants should have education to or beyond higher school certificate and be equipped to assemble material for reports and collate information. Interesting post for someone with wide interests. Five day week. Pension scheme. Write with age and details of education and experience to, The Secretary, Whessoe Limited, Darlington.

YOUNG man, age 25-30, as personal assistant to managing director of Repertory Theatre on South coast. Opportunity to gain experience in Theatre Management. Box 9901.

PROFESSIONAL man, two children junior school age, pleasant London house, requires housekeeper. Box 38.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HONS. Grad., 24, single, first-class French, German, adequate typing, seeks post. Suggestions, please? Box 9945.

YOUNG man seeks unconventional job, preferably abroad. Experience theatre, literary ability. Box 30.

YOUNG Irish solicitor with some knowledge French, seeks position—legal or commercial—with opportunity of improving French, prof. European country. Box 9854.

PERSONNEL Management. Woman, 25, B.Sc. (Econ.) trained Pers. Mgmt., admin. & welfare exp., sks. post London. Box 9851.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T, free odd half-days. ABC, 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Leeds. Dean Scholarships. It is intended to appoint one or more suitably qualified graduates to Dean Scholarships, of an annual value of £400, ordinarily tenable for two years. Scholars are required to undertake research on a subject related to the history and economics of the wool textile industry. Applications should reach the Head of the Department of Economics and Commerce, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 1, 1952.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL. 5088).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 7 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8857.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Parties. MUS. 9923.

REMAKING Bedding. We remake and recover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert your mattresses into spring-interior types. Write for further particulars. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

YOGHOURT the popular healthgiving milk food is made easily and cheaply at home with Yelacta Apparatus and ferments. Free illustrated literature from Yelacta Products, Ltd., Dept. P, Poplar Road, Shipley, Yorks.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 1 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

MISCELLANEOUS—*continued*

POSITIVISM. Those interested in Positivism, and Auguste Comte's Works, are invited to register with the English Positivist Committee. Box 9827.

HOGARTH Gallery specialise in built-in furniture, bookshelves to individual requirements. Open all day Saturday. 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FRObisher 5328.

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure Heavy English Silk. White or Primrose; each panel 36in. × 150in. 3in. at top; 2 panels 57s. 6d.; 4 panels 52s. 6d.; 8 panels 60s. (2) Nylon; Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in. 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d.; 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths. (1) Natural Shade, (a) 6yds. × 24in., each 22s. 6d.; (b) 6yds × 42in., each, 25s. (2) Embroidery, White, 3yds. × 27in., each 19s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 189), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments. 7-day service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., London, W.1.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme "Cut-rolled-in-blend"; 2s. 6d. per 4ozs., post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

FURNITURE made to fit your home. Built-in cupboards, bookshelves, occasional furniture, repairs, French polishing. Original Furniture Craft, Ltd., 105 Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 7671-7695.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale/hire. Complete range available. Pamek (N), 28 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 9803.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HEAR world opinion for yourself in English. "Radio World Digest" (monthly), gives World Short Wave programmes in English, and digest of the latest news on World Affairs, Radio and Television, Theatre, Music, etc. Price 4½d. On Sale Now. Leading Bookstalls and Newsagents.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. April issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

JOURNAL of Sex Education, a popular-scientific journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults, edited by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., D.Sc. 9d. post free. Annual subscription 12s. 6d. Enquiries with stamped add. envelope to Sec., 16 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WEL. 7440.

SOCIALISTS! Sell your books to Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

FULL musical programme of the Continent (including festivals) with informative articles, in "European Radio." Eng. Price 6d. From bookstalls & newsagents, or 2s. for 4 wks. Post free. Europ Publishing Co. (London), Ltd., 137 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interests. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, N.W.2.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcraig Rd., Glasgow.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly, Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

EXCEPTIONAL service for books on all subjects, specialising on Film, Modern Fiction and all new books. Any new book supplied immediately, C.O.D. if requested. S.A.E. for lists. Bernard Harrison, Ltd. (Dept. S/1) 11 Monmouth St., London, W.C.2.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d. Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 18a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 5050.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

OLD Kent Cottage, small, modernised. High ground, edge of Romney Marsh, six miles from sea. Under £1,000. Offers and appointments to view: Wallen, "Carpenters," Chilham, Kent. ('Phone Chilham 333.)

REGENCY Hotel, opposite West Pier. Newly furnished and decorated throughout. First-class Clientele. 19 Bedrooms (basins h. & c.). Bathroom and Toilets on each floor. Lease 20 years. Rent £375 per annum. Rates about £120. Price £8,000 as a going concern. R. A. Gowar, Auctioneer, 3 Bartholomews, Brighton. Tel. 26449.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 1s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

EXCHANGE with Italian lady (31) graduate (father: magistrate), wishing to stay 4-6 wks. with cultured English family to improve her English. In return, offers hospitality in their home at Bologna to student or prof. lady. Gd. train/bus connections with Venice, Florence. Please write fully: Box 112.

HAMPSTEAD Arts Ball. Bus to Chelsea. Apologies to all inconvenienced by L.P.T.B.'s failure to provide transport as arranged. Reasonable out-of-pocket expenses will be refunded. Phone: HAM. 7890.

CANADIAN Markets. May I represent you in Canada? I shall be in this country for 3 more weeks and shall be glad to discuss Canadian representation with you. Box 33.

ROME: large modern furnished flat available, April 18 for 1 month. All services. £25 sterling. CUN. 6378.

YOUNG Doctor and wife with new car visiting Italy for 3 weeks, May-June. Wish take couple prepared to contribute £25 toward expenses. Box 9939.

FRENCH family would like English girl (18-26) to join them at their country home in Normandy from May. Two small children to look after. Au pair. Madame Sallin, Sainte Foy de Montgommery, Calvados, France.

SIMPLE room with fireplace, and use of kitchen, in wooden house on edge of New Forest: let for holiday periods to those needing peace and freedom. Vegetarians preferred. Olive Wilson, Godshill Ridge, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants.

STUDIO wanted, or large, light room, suitable for Movement Classes. To rent. Central situation, Ayrton, Willesden 3180.

NEW Forest. Caravan, furnished 2-3. Beautiful private site. Leek, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

JUAN Les Pins. Holidays in a private villa by the sea. Payment in sterling. French cuisine. Box 9693.

CARAVAN to let near Bognor. New 4-berth, end kitchen, Calor gas. 2-room. Vacant April-October. Box 9378.

HOUSEBOAT Holiday with sailing tuition. South Devon, Apl. 19-26. Few vacancies in private party. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

WRITER teaches English, lit. & dramatic technique. Expert. Individ. Park 6309.

SMALL hotel required, 40 people, for week-end conference, Surrey, Kent or Sussex, for May or June. Box 3.

TO Collectors: Original letters of Clara Schumann & Joseph Joachim for sale. Offers: Mrs. Norway, 13 Sutherland Pl., W.2.

PORTRAITS in oils by professional exhibiting artist in own studio. Ten Guineas inclusive. Box 9779.

YOUNG man (27) wishes companion (M) for Continental trip. Box 103.

YOUNG woman graduate welcomes offers to baby-sit. Box 9918.

SOPRANO offers songs & dly. German lessons exch. free summer holiday. Box 9829.

EXPERT private tuition in painting in artist's studio. Box 9780.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

FRENCH & German taught by qualified teacher. Sara Herling, Ph.D., 7 Bronsdesbury Villas, N.W.6. Tel. Maida Vale 4657.

FIGHT Tory Cuts by signing Socialist Med. Assoc. Petition against Health Service charges. Forms: 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

ENGLISH for foreign students. German and Hungarian taught by painstaking experienced teacher. Box 62.

FINE Hand-Printing: Books of Memoirs, Poetry, Miscellanea. Editorial services. Cravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns, London, W.8.

TELEPHONE Abbey 6894 or write I.U.S.Y. 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1, if you want to snap up one of the last places at the Paris International Holiday Centre for the 4-day Easter holiday. £12 17s. 6d. all-in. Summer too 8 days all-in £14 17s. 6d.

THIS year make sure of the weather and fly to Corsica for a wonderful sunny fortnight on the Bay of Calvi. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at Camp de l'Horizon £49 10s. all-inclusive, leaving £12 spending money. Apply for illustrated brochure to: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

DOUGLAS Glass, Photographer, 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6. RIV. 7522.

CARAVAN Bargain. Superb, new 1952 17ft 4-berth Cruiser model. Sprung mattresses, gas cooking, lighting, abundant locker space. Sell reduced £275, or hire for towing 30s. day. BM/BHTH, London, W.C.1.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holiday in August for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Expeditions and hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

PERSONAL—continued

EASTER Holidays: you are still in time to book for one of our Easter parties in Hampshire or Surrey, our Paris Easter weekend, or Spring ski-ing party in Austria. Write, 'phone or call, Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911, 9225.

DON'T choose an "en famille" holiday if you only want a change of air and scenery and are not really interested in meeting the people of the country you visit. Otherwise, add immensely to the delight of travel by staying with the people, in their homes, through E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

CONFERENCES and Summer Schools: Accommodation for about seventy people will be available at Witton House, near Steyning, Sussex, a beautiful Tudor Manor with all modern conveniences, situated near the northern slopes of the South Downs, immediately below Chanctonbury Ring. It is within easy reach of Brighton and Worthing. Full Board and Lodging £4 10s. per person per week (sharing). Period available, Bank Holiday Weekend, Friday, August 1, until Friday, September 12. Applications will be considered for the whole or for broken periods and should be directed in the first instance to: Edc. & Org. Dept., Room 222, Foreign Office, Norfolk House, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

PIANO Lessons by concert pianist, full Dutch teaching qualifications. VIC. 0820.

BY Air to Austria. Zell-am-See July 19-Aug. 3: £34 10s., incl. flying. Conducted tours to other delightful Austrian resorts in Aug. Villars, Switzerland, £28, by train. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CARAVAN Tours of the West Country—Mountaineering in Austria—Camping in Corsica or on the shores of the Adriatic—Walking in the Dolomites or sailing in Holland, you see more and go further for £25 with the N.C.S. Write now for your copy of our Summer Programme to National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

HOLIDAYS of every type for people who take their pleasures energetically. Walking and climbing holidays in 16 countries, described in our programme. Write to Ramblers' Association Services, 48A Park Rd., N.W.1.

HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

CAPRI, Naples, Pompeii, Rome. Mr. Lanning will be pleased to send you details of his small private parties. 17 days fully inclusive 49gns. Always, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Chs. 6436.

SEE Spain for holiday value. The holiday of your life and easily managed within the allowance. 15-day holiday in Ibiza or other attractive resorts from £34 10s. Leaves £15 for incidentals. 18-day comprehensive Coach Tour of Spain 59gns. Leaves £10 for incidentals. New brochure ready. Write now. See Spain, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 9351.

HOLIDAYS abroad—not "organised" or mass produced but arranged as you or your friends may want. Cyprus—15 days (by air) from £131 9s., also Malta and Gib. No currency restrictions: Europe—any country available on £75 limit with adequate spending money. Write for brochure or phone. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Whitehall 4114/5.

EXTRA Week Abroad is possible on the Hotel-Plan holiday programme. Apply Hotel-Plan, Ltd., 245 Regent Street, London, W.1. GRO. 8921.

SERENITY: a 7-day Relaxation/Nature cure regime restores vitality and poise. A delightful bijou guest house. Fodder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brocklands," Halkway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

"MARRIED Love," by Dr. Marie Stopes, 25th Ed. 7s. 6d. post. Mothers' Clinic, 108 Whitfield St., London, W.1.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Private lessons and instruction classes in Ballroom Dancing. Welbeck 4841.

INVIGORATING, stimulating and also relaxing is the effect of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Ask for explanatory brochure. Inquiries: Welbeck 9600.

PARIS. Cheap holidays arranged. Good Family Hotel. Central. Single B. & B. from 16s., Dble. £1. Book now and avoid disappointment. Guides 10s. a day. Count di Santi, 63 Rue Marcadet, Paris 18e.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

YUGOSLAV Holidays in T.U. Homes. 16 days inclusive from £22. Holiday Friendship Service, 445, Strand, W.C.2.

PERSONAL—continued

YUGOSLAVIA. Enchanting holidays combining beauty-spots with cultural centres. Small parties of interested people leaving fortnightly. Write for brochure illustrating these and other lovely holidays to Dept. NS, Fairways & Swinford (Travel) Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 99 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

HALL, Leic. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials. 2gns. evg. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

BERTOLA is the cream of sherries.—Ask for Bertola Cream.

P.S. A special opportunity to visit Spain at Whitsun, a full week in Tarragona, 10 days total period, 22 guineas. Departure May 26, return June 4.

P.P.S. Full partics. from Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. HAR. 1040.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short stories, plays, theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Road, Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 57a Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

DUPLICATING/Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447, Strand, W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5984.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Transins. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 9879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

YOUR Secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service, 15 Tavistock St., Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

INTERNATIONAL Hostel, Netaji House, 1 Oldham Rd., W.1. Lad. 3104. Restaurant catering specially for vegetarians. Accommodation for short or long terms. Reas.

RESIDENTIAL Club, terms from 50s. weekly, including excellent meals, opening shortly, Belsize Park. Write for particulars and application form, Box 256, Rays, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

COMF. Furn. room, 1st flr. Business lady/student. S. Kensington. FRE. 2881.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex. Single divan rooms. Social club. Write Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

MODERN furn. divan room, newly decorated, all convs., 35s. p.w. Wil. 5349.

FURN. b'sitt. Use of kit. plus ring. 7gns. incl. Russian spoken. SPE. 2512.

TO Let, top of Wimbledon Hill, S.C. furn. flat, bedrm., sitt. rm., bath, kit. 4½gns. incl. elec. & hot water. Box 9436.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143, Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

NEAR Baker St., facing park, large bay-window divan bed-sitting room. Electric heating, telephone in room. Breakfast served. Cooking facilities. Tel. Amb. 3570.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TOWN flat to share. Widower will share comfortable flat with gentleman. Terms incl. breakfast & dinner 5½gns. Box 9903.

PRIVATE hotel. Modern. H. & C. every room. Double rooms. Breakfast incl. 22 Stanley Gdns., Notting Hill Gate, W.11.

MAN (30/40) offd. share S.C. bach. flat Bayswater. Nr. Stns.; tel., &c. Box 155.

HIGHGATE Woods. Bachelor flatlet, well-equipped & furn. C.h.w., use Tiger bath. 42/- week. Phone after 6. TUD. 6184.

NOTTING Hill Gate. Furn. 2nd. fl. flat with linen. Living rm., bedrm.—twin beds, K. & B. Tel. avail. 6gns. Box 9947.

FURN. bed-sitt. room 4th floor family flat opp. Battersea Pk. 35s. Gas fire & ring. Use bthrm. 19, 39, 49, 45 bus. Box 9877.

SINGLE woman offers (to another, intellectual, art-loving, age 40-50) accommodation in her Hampstead flat. Box 68.

FURNISHED Flat, Kit., bathrm., bedrm., sittrm. Phone, fridge, constant h.w. £25 monthly. Regents Pk. PAD. 4270.

TO let: single or double divan-bed-sitting room with partial board. Terms: Mod. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

TO let: Well furn. bed-sit. room, gas fire & ring, use bath, const. hot w. Box gentleman, nr. Highgate Urld. Stn. TUD. 6863.

YOUNG couple offer very large furnished room in house on Hampstead Heath. 2 box spring divans. Own meter for heating. Gas ring. £3 incl. C.H.W. Box 9997.

QUEEN Anne Guest House, facing Blackheath. Easy access London Br., Charing X, gd. food, Slumberland beds. LEE 6736.

UNFURNISHED Georgian House available now, moderate rent. Essex, daily reach London. Completely modernised, 10 rooms, kitchen quarters, 2 bathrooms. Garages, orchards, paddocks. Lovely country. Box 9860.

THREE-room primitive cottage to let Snowdonia. 3gns. p.w. Box 9691.

EIRE. Connemara. 6-rmd. House yearly or monthly lease, lake & sea fishing. Terms reas. Further partics. Martin Coates, Cartoon, Moyard, Clifden, Co. Galway.

COMF. cottage in lovely N. Bucks village to let Aug. 5—Sept. 2. Sleep 4-5. All elec. Garden. 4½gns. Box 9937.

CHALET to let, sleeps 4. Cornish coast. Elec. King. 39 Dynhams Rd., N.W.6.

EXCHANGE Furnished Flat S.W.1 for accom. Cambridge. Doctor, wife, infant. April/December or term-time. TAT. 0248.

TO Exchange for 1 month, June-Sept., 6-roomed family flat Chelsea, nr. river, shared garden, for house by sea or in country. Mod. cons. essential. Box 9794.

INDIAN business man reqs. furn. flat pref. s/c, 3 adults, 1 adolescent. Hampstead, Belsize Park, about 6gns. Box 9850.

YOUNG Professional couple require small furnished flat, Sept. Central or N.W. London, mod. rent. Box 4.

YOUNG graduate with quiet motor cycle seeks accom.; no restrictions. Box 7.

WANTED: Furnished or unfurnished room with kit., suitable woman musician with own piano. Moderate rent. Box 21.

PROF. Woman urgently reqs. unfurn. accom. Pref. S/C. Easy access Victoria. Highest refs. F. & f. considered. Box 9788.

BUSINESS woman sks. unfurn. accom. Kit. (or use of) & telephone. Box 9902.

SCHOOLS

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. Prep. school for boys. Old-established but not old-fashioned. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Hobbies encouraged.

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

NURSERY School opening after Easter, children 3-5 yrs. Garden Cottage, Garden Rd., N.W.8. CUN. 5991.

OVERTHORPE Hall Preparatory School for Boys, near Banbury, Oxon. Forty Boarders. 17 acres in farming county. Headmasters: K. J. W. Sadler, B.A.Oxon, & J. McClaghery, B.A.Oxon.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sx. 6 vacancies for boys boarding in home conditions.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 5 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk Coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pine-woods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 416 and 417

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. "The Constant Couple." Alec Clunes. "Brilliantly amusing." *Times*. Bvr. 7. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8. Hol. 8811.

ARTS. (Tem. 3334.) 7 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "Uncle Vanya." Mems. 5s.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 2 wks. "The Candy Story." Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. Adults only.

IRVING. Whi. 8057. 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 8.30. "Irving Revue." "Great fun from start to finish." *News Chron.* Mems. 5s. 9s.

IRVING. Whi. 8057. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun., 5.30. "We Dig for the Stars," depicting a crisis in the life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mems., 5s. yearly.

"FIRST Stage" Society presents on Sun., April 6, at 8 p.m., at I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, a Reading of "No Man's Son," by Henry de Montherlant, with Jack Livesey, Selma Vaz Dias, Alaric Cotter. Adm., F.S.S. and I.C.A. members, 2s. 6d.; guests, 5s. 6d. Tkts. at door or from Hon. Sec., "First Stage" Soc., c/o International Copyright Bureau, Ltd., Dewar House, 11 Haymarket, S.W.1. WHI. 0175.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until April 6: Arletty in Carné's "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (A). From April 7: Rossellini's "Paisa" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3313. Anril 6, 7.30, "Adieu . . . Leonard" (A) (French).

NEW Era Film Society presents Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" and "May Day '51" at St. Pancras Town Hall, on Sun., April 6 at 7.15 p.m. Members & members' guests only. All tkts. 2s. in advance, 2s. 6d. at door. Bookings & enquiries from 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

CHINESE Film: "Sons & Daughters." New, all-Chinese film (English subtitles), based on famous contemporary Chinese novel. "Exciting . . . moving . . . beautiful." Première at Scala Theatre, W.1, on Tuesday, April 15, 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from Theatre, or Britain-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. (AMB. 1431/2.) Please send s.a.e. when writing.

HORNSEY Film Society: "Council of the Gods" (April 10); "Paisa" (April 24); "New Heroes will Arise" (May 8); "Bicycle Thieves" (May 22). Sub. 2s. 6d. yearly. Adm., Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s. Archway Tavern opp. Archway Tube Sec., MOU. 9928.

"MRS. Dery"—the brilliant Hungarian film depicting the fight for liberty and independence of national culture against early 19th century Austrian colonization—will be shown to members and friends of the British Hungarian Friendship Society in a London cinema on Sunday morning, April 27, at 10.45 a.m. Engl. sub-titles. Tickets (free) from B.H.F.S., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Enclose s.a.e.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon. next, April 7, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Trefor Jones, Margaret Kitchin, Frederick Thurston, Lionel Salomon, James Macgillivray and The New London String Quartet in works by Roman Palester, P. Racine Fricker (world premières), Aaron Copland and Peter Warlock. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

ST. JOHN Passion (Bach), Royal Albert Hall, Wed., April 9, at 7.30. Elsie Morison, Nancy Thomas, Eric Greene, Richard Lewis, William Parsons, Owen Brannigan, Norman Walker. B.B.C. Choral Society, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Sir Adrian Boult. Tickets: 10s. to 2s. at Hall (Ken. 8212) & usual agents.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues., April 8, at 7.30. Tippett: Second String Quartet; Lambert: Piano Sonata; Milhaud: Saudades do Brasil; Seiber: Third String Quartet (Quartet Lirico) (First performance). Angus Morrison. The Amadeus String Quartet. Non-members 5s., students 2s. 6d., at R.B.A. Galleries and Chappell's. All enquiries to L.C.M.C. MUS. 3930.

SUNDAY, April 6, Royal Festival Hall (WAT. 3191) at 7.30. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Hugo Rignold. Overture—Street Corner, Rawsthorne; Four Poems of St. Teresa, Berkeley, Introduction and Allegro, Elgar; Symphony No. 2, Fricker (1st London perf.); Scena—The Bacchanerres, Bliss (1st concert perf.); Symphony No. 2, Prokev (repeat perf.). Tickets 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

SUMMER School of Music, Bryanston, August 2-23. Artists, Lecturers and Teachers include: Alan Rawsthorne, Georges Enesco, Roger Desormiere, Denis Matthews, Mewton-Wood, Norman Del Mar, Michael Tippett, William Glock, Amadeus Quartet, Boyd Neel Orchestra. Delightful Holiday. Festival of Concerts, Expert Tuition available. Send 3d. stamp for illustrated prospectus to Sec., 29a Holland Villas Rd., W.14.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Pianoforte Recital by Hannah Brooke. Sunday, April 6, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak F'ship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Apr. 5, fr. 7.30-11 p.m. Dance with Ted Mack Band. (TU). Mems. 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d. (incl. refrs).

DANCE, organised by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., April 5, 8 p.m. to 11 at Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Novelties/prizes. Adm. 4s. at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS—*continued*

EVERY Saturday night, New Era Film Society presents Social and Film Show, 7-11 p.m. Showing April 5, new Hungarian film "Colony Underground," story of great oil conspiracy. Members 1s. 6d., visitors 2s., films 6d. At 14 Kensington Square, W.8 (nearest Tube High St. Kensington).

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. Spring Exhibition at Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Open 2-7 incl. Sundays. Discussion of Exhibn. April 9 at 8. Speakers Brian Robb & Frederick Gore.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Vuillard. Daily 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

WIFREDO Lam. Exhibition by the Cuban painter. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Week-days 10-6. Suns. 2-6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

ROGER Fry. An exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till April 26. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission Free. Closed Good Friday to Easter Monday inclusive.

WAKEFIELD City Art Gallery. Patrick Heron: Paintings & Drawings (1925-1951). April 5-May 7.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Cedric Morris & the R. C. Pritchard Collection. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society, "17 Collectors" Exhibition at Tate Gallery. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

WOMEN'S International Art Club. Annual Exhibition, including Paintings from Yugoslavia at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1 (off Haymarket), March 22 to April 14. Saturdays inclusive 10 to 5.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries. 10-5 incl. Sats. Closing over Easter.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Victoria Litina. Paintings and drawings. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until Apr. 10. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Some Aspects of Modern Dutch Painting. "Van Gogh, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 26.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Peter Potworowski and Sculpture. Stained Glass and Graphic Work by Geoffrey Clarke.

NEW Designs of Furniture, Fabrics and Carpets by well-known designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Massimo Campigli. Sculpture by Giuditta Scalini. Until May 3.

ARCADE Gallery, 5 Young French Realists, Rebeyrolle, de Gallard, Dut, Thompson, Grand. First Exhibition in England. 10-5; Sat. 10-1. 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Braque, Degas, Delacroix, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Lcic. Sq. Spring Assembly until April 12. And Display of select Art Books.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. James Ward and Romantic Paintings of his Period. Last week.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

HUNGARY'S Liberation Day Celebration: Prof. J. D. Bernal, M.A., F.R.S., & Leon Griffiths (recent visitors to Hungary) will speak; programme by Martin Lawrence (bass) acc. Anna Berenska, and James Gibb (pianoforte); Hungarian film: Chairman, Rev. Dr. W. Bevn Thomas. Monday, April 7, at 7.30 at Conway Hall, W.C.1. Tkts. 1s. from British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2, or at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., April 9, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Bloodless Revolution in the Gold Coast." George Padmore. Adm. 1s. 6d. (This meeting was to have taken place in February but was postponed.)

KEEP These Dates Free. June 7 and 8. Lidice Commemoration weekend. Sat. Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Sunday, Public Meeting at the St. Pancras Town Hall. Details from British-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1.

"THE Conflict in China" Public Meeting, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, nr Victoria Stn. Sunday, April 6, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

ALAN Bush: "Musical Composition as Thematic Style." I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Friday, April 4, 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

"THE Challenge of Seretse Khama" by Fenner Brockway, M.P., Friday, April 4, at 8 p.m. All Nations Social Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"CRISIS in French North Africa" by Nino Frank (author "Journey Under the Crescent Moon," Broadcaster B.B.C. Overseas Service), Thurs., April 10, 8 p.m., under auspices All Nations Social Club, Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, (behind Cumberland Hotel). 1s. 6d. at door.

SHAW Society. Apl. 25, 7 p.m.: Dr. Pollick on "Spelling Reform," 57 Dean St., W.1. 1s. 6d. at door or in adv. from 49 Sumpstercote Close, N.18. May 23, 6.45 p.m.: Jill Balcon poetry recital; also 1s. 6d. New members invited. Non-members welcome at meetings and on Surrey ramble, Apl. 20, Waterloo, nr. Platf. 1, by 10.15 a.m.

CONTEMPORARY Italian Architecture. Discussion on exhib. at R.I.B.A. Chair: I. M. Richards. Speakers: W. Howell, Philip Powell, Graeme Shankland, T. del Renzio. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., April 7, 8.30 p.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Apr. 8, 7.45 p.m. Illustrated talk on Czech Art. Speaker: Mrs. Marie Wetherall, Ph.D. Chairman: Mr. Paul Hogarth. Adm. free. All welcome.

"HUMAN Rights and Africa." Mass Meeting, Trafalgar Square, Sunday, April 6, 2.15 p.m. Dr. Hastings K. Banda, Fenner Brockway, M.P., George Padmore, John Hoyland. Organised by the World Citizens' Council for Human Rights.

PACIFIST Religious Fellowship Service, 3 p.m. Sunday, April 6. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road. Near Victoria station. Conducted by Arthur Peacock. Discourse by Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Representatives of many faiths taking part.

W. A. ROSS: "Art and Ethics," Hampstead Ethical Socy., 42a Westbere Rd., Shoot-up-Hill, N.W.2. Sat., Apr. 5 at 2.45.

SEX Education Society. Mrs. Grace Stuart will speak on "Narcissus and Eros," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C., at 7.30 p.m., on Monday, April 7. On Monday, May 5, Mr. Norman Haire will speak on "American Impressions." Non-members 2s. admission. Enquiries with stamped add. envelope to Sec., 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WEL. 7840.

"PORTRAIT Painting from Eyck to Sutherland": talk by Dr. Roland (Roland & Browse), followed by debate. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells). Mon., April 7, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (88 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10). Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall. Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, April 10: "Yoga for Modern Man." All welcome.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "The Relativity of Reasoning." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., April 6, 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gate, London, W.2. All welcome. April 6: "The Constitution of Man."

"THE Chrysalis and the Butterfly," Mrs. Adelaide Gardner. Sun., April 6, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sun. Mornings, 11 a.m. Apr. 6, Archibald Robertson, M.A. "The Ethics of Belief." Questions after lect. Adm. free. Chamber concert 6.30.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"SOCIALISM and the Welfare State," a School, April 10-14, at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, with Rt. Hon. Hilary Marquand, M.P., Dr. Bruce Curdew, Douglas Houghton, M.P., Emmeline Cohen, Fred Messer, M.P., Reginald Stamp, L.C.C. Apply: Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

THE Artist and the Film. A 4-day non-residential Course at the British Film Institute Private Theatre, 4 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1 (nr. Tottenham Court Rd. Underground), will be held from Tuesday April 15 to Friday 18 inclusive, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. each day. The Course will deal with all aspects of the rôle of the Artist in the Cinema and will be of particular interest to educational organisers, teachers and art students. Speakers will include Michael Ayrton, Denis Forman, John Halas, Philip James and Tom Monahan; an extensive selection of art films will be screened. Tuition fee 25s. Numbers strictly limited. Fuller particulars and application forms from Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

ONE-Day Conference and 4-day Study Tour of Devonshire, June 9-14. Complete Tour 15gns. inclusive. Details from: Town & Country Planning Association, 28 King Street, London, W.C.2.

BECOME Your Own Economist. Classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin on Tuesday and Thursday, April 22 and 24, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

EXPERIMENTS in Expression—both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Painting and modelling May 2-5, June 13-16, July 18-21. Dance & Drama May 16-19. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on Modern English Literature, A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and Foreign Students of English Literature will be held in Sidney Sussex College from June 21-July 7, 1952. Full particulars from: F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes, all grades. Term begins April 23. Summer Vacation Course at Coimbra University, July 14-August 25. Details from Portuguese Language Cttee., 4 Upper Berkeley St., London, W.1.

SPANISH Evening Classes, all grades. Term begins April 21. Also Vacation Course at Universidad Internacional, Santander, August 1-31. Details from the Hispanic Council, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

CULTURAL holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns.; 21 days 26gns.) covers all travel accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition, Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640, 3805.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., North.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., W.1., Mayfair 6626, provides Most Comprehensive Training for High Grade Secretarial Posts. New Courses commence May 5 and 12.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics is now enrolling new students for September, 1952. Prospectus from the Director of Studies, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9.

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Fredensborg. Vacation Courses for Men and Women, Aug. 1952. Fee £16 10s. inc. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming. One-year Course for Men. Write: Principal.

LEARN Massage, Osteopathy & Physiotherapy. Intensive Week-end Courses. Croydon School of Physiotherapy & Osteopathy, 105 Park Lane, Croydon.

RELEASE from over-tension and over-fatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 7222.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Wharnwell.) BAY. 2816.

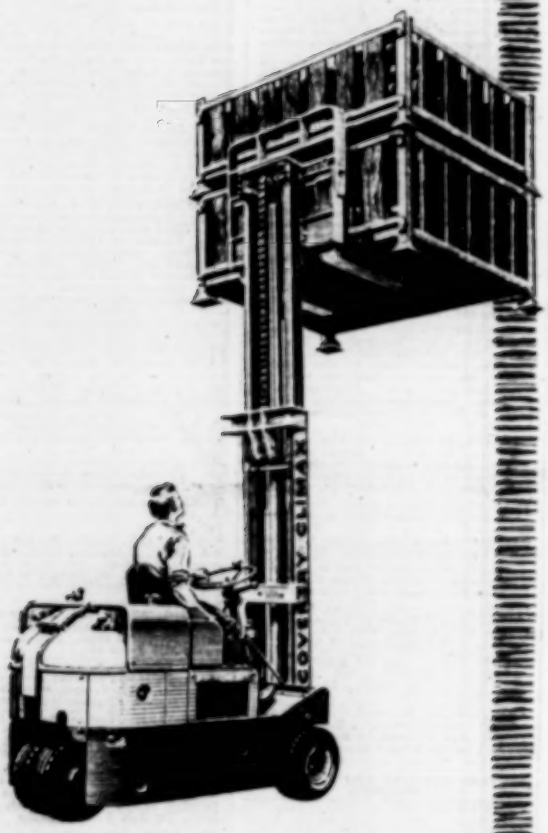
SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Department of Extra-Mural Studies. British Music in the 20th Century—Summer School at Attingham Park, near Shrewsbury, August 2-9. Alan Bush, Edmund Rubbra, Wilfrid Mellers, Bernard Stevens, Reginald Nettel, H. F. Redlich. New London String Quartet, Erich Gruenberg, Celia Ariell, Pauline Lewis, Reginald Wassell. Progs. include 1st perf. of works by Rubbra, Mellers and Stevens. Apply Warden, Attingham Park, Shrewsbury.

INTERNATIONAL School, North Curry, Taunton, Somerset. Summer school July and August, and at Bellagio, Como, Italy, for month of September. Languages, discussions, etc. Apply Secretary.

COPENHAGEN, Summer courses on Danish life and culture. For particulars apply to Anglo-Danish Students' Bureau, 71-72 Piccadilly, W.1.

Carried unanimously



Some 50 Anglo-American Productivity Council Reports are unanimous in drawing attention to the importance of mechanical handling of materials.

To quote from one:

"We believe that substantial increases in production from existing plant and manpower in industry can be achieved by relatively little capital expenditure . . . . . by the current application of handling devices."

which echoes the statement of Mr. Cloud Wampler, President Carrier Corp., as quoted in "Factory," Oct. 1950:

"If I had just one choice as to technological improvements that could be adopted practically overnight to boost productivity, I'd take materials handling."

Pioneers of the small (diesel) fork lift truck— most versatile material handling machine available to industry.

Coventry Climax

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD. (DEPT. S) COVENTRY, ENGLAND

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1938. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.